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THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—A TROOP TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE BIG CUT ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.—[See Page 711.]

THE GALLOP OF DEATH.

TAN-TA-RA, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!
"Boots and saddles!—quick, quick! Now mount and away!
Look sharp and ride fast; that's the word. Hip, hurrah!
We must catch them asleep at the dawning of day!"

Now they noisily dash through the rippling stream,
Now silently gallop along the soft sand;
Then off with a bound through the woods, where no gleam
Of star-light shines through, rides the brave, gallant band!

"Now slowly and steadily. Hist!—not a word!"—
'Tis the sentinel sleepily pacing his beat.
The murderous *swish* of a sabre is heard,
And he falls with a groan at the first horse's feet.

"Draw sabre! Now charge, boys! No powder to-night!"
Rings the voice of the chief, while the loud bugles blare
'Mid the clashing of swords, striking flashes of light,
And the fierce victor-shouts, and the yells of despair.

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'Twas a brave work done by that gallant band;
Let their praises be sounded on every breath
Of wind that blows o'er our glorious land!
And this be the song of the Gallop of Death:

Tan-ta-ra-ta!
Hip, hip—hurrah!
'Tis the bugle's stirring call:
Mount, boys, mount,
And never count
What will be your chance to fall.
On, boys, on, till the morning sun
Gleams on our flag, and the vict'ry's won!

It matters not
If a rebel shot
Put an end to our fleeting breath—
Ride, boys, ride,
And luck betide
Those who ride the Gallop of Death!
On, boys, on, till the morning sun
Gleams on our flag, and the vict'ry's won!

With ringing clash,
And lightning flash,
We'll strike a righteous blow;
And let the shout
Ring loudly out,
As we smite the traitors low.
On, boys, on, till the morning sun
Gleams on our flag, and the vict'ry's won!

And when 'tis done,
And the vict'ry won,
We'll gayly march to camp;
And joyous song,
As we ride along,
Keep time to our horses' tramp.
On, boys, on, and the morning sun
Will smile on us and the brave work done!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

FROM Washington comes once more the weary report that the campaign in Virginia is at an end. In November, say the strategists, Virginia mud is impracticable. The only episode of the fall campaign has been Lee's unsuccessful attempt to outflank Meade or to force him to fight on the banks of the Rappahannock. Having failed in this, the rebel chief has fallen back to his old quarters, within easy reach of Richmond and Staunton, having lost in his brief enterprise about as many men as we did, and minus four or five guns, against which last loss he has no set-off. The Richmond editors do not seem well pleased with the result, on the whole, and we are not surprised at it. Whether, as is assumed at Washington, the campaign in Virginia is really over is not very certain to our mind. Virginia mud is no doubt very deep and very cohesive, but is it much more difficult to navigate than the swamps of the Mississippi, through which Grant and Banks marched their armies to victory? Of the propriety of marching forward at once to give Lee battle where he is, the President and General Meade must be much better judges than we are. But one does not need to be much of a soldier to see that if Lee sends any considerable portion of his army to reinforce Bragg in the Southwest it will be possible for Meade to attack him to advantage in Virginia, mud or no mud, and that he ought on no account to fail to do so.

So far as can be now discerned, however, the true key, in a military sense, to the rebel position is in the Southwest. It is doubtful whether the conquest of all Virginia, including of course Richmond, would really impair the capacity of the rebels to continue the war, so long as they held the more southern States. To lose Richmond would be a very serious loss, not only in a moral aspect, but likewise in view of the stores and work-shops established there. But it would not be fatal. Raleigh would answer every purpose of a Confederate capital, and the rebels have shown that they can build foundries and cast shot and shell any where. Thus far, with the single exception of the capture of Norfolk, it is questionable whether all our operations in Virginia, from the commencement of the war to the present time, have yielded any permanent advantage to the Union cause.

Very different with our operations in the West. There, every blow struck has told. Every Union success has visibly weakened the capacity of the rebels for further resistance. The loss of New Orleans, the loss of Nashville, the loss of Vicksburg, the loss of the Mississippi, the loss of Chattanooga—these are losses to them irreparable, tending each of them directly to render it impossible for them to protract the war. A few more such successes will render this tendency imperative.

Our military policy in the West is very simple. We hold the river. That we must continue to hold, and are preparing to do so by a system of forts garrisoned mainly with negro troops, and connected together by gun-boats. Every bluff from Cairo to New Orleans is being fortified; gun-boats patrol the river from end to end, almost within sight of each other: so that, when the work is complete, it will be impossible to wrest it out of our hands, though guerrillas will of course continue to annoy unarmed vessels for a long time to come.

Then we hold Chattanooga and the two lines of communication therewith—one to Nashville through Tullahoma and Murfreesboro; the other to Memphis through Stevenson, Huntsville, Florence, and Corinth. These long lines we must keep. We must be prepared to hear almost daily of attacks on them by rebel raiders, of bridges burned, trains captured, tracks torn up. These injuries we must patiently repair, and punish the raiders whenever we can catch them: bearing in mind, as a consolation, that however annoying these raids may be to us they are of no use to the rebels, and do not invalidate the fact that we hold the two central roads through the heart of the Confederacy, and are every day gradually, by our mere occupancy, crushing out its life.

This is, however, only the beginning of what we have to do. Chattanooga must become, by-and-by, the base of a new offensive operation into Georgia—the object of which will be a junction with the land army of Gilmore at or near Savannah or Charleston. Success in this operation presupposes the defeat of Bragg by Grant, and the capture of Charleston by Gilmore—both of them operations of great difficulty, as we have all learned by this time. Both Gilmore and Grant will need more men than they have; more guns, and more supplies. But they are getting more men, guns, and supplies, and pretty soon the campaign will open. How soon it will end, or how many campaigns it will take to achieve the purpose, no one can tell, and few inquire; for every one knows that, no matter how long it takes, the work will be steadily prosecuted till it is completed. When Gilmore and Grant shake hands in Georgia or South Carolina, the second bisection of the Confederacy will be complete, and we shall then be glad to hear from the Richmond *Enquirer* on the subject of peace.

ONE POINT GAINED.

THE steady abuse which has been poured upon this country by the British press ever since the war began has conferred upon us an inestimable benefit. It has enfranchised us from the condition of quasi-colonial dependence—as to public opinion—in which we had previously existed. Before the war, abuse England and Englishmen as we might, we all secretly feared and respected British opinion. No native newspaper wielded as much power in our educated circles as the London *Times*. The articles of that journal were invariably republished in our dailies, were eagerly read, and very generally accepted as a guide of conduct by intelligent Americans. From the smallest things to the greatest we were used to being led by England. When the London *Times* expressed a preference in a Presidential contest, its candidate's prospects rose instantly. Congress trembled before the mandates of the foreign journal; and the public scarcely dared render a definitive verdict on a book, or a play, or a picture, until the great British papers had pronounced on the subject. Neither the War of Revolution nor the War of 1812 succeeded in emancipating us from the control of the Mother Country in matters of opinion, judgment, and taste.

It was reserved for the Slavery Rebellion to complete our independence. It must be confessed that it has done the work pretty thoroughly. Every American who reads any thing at all has now ascertained that the London *Times* and most of the other British journals are, in the first place, so ignorant of this country that their opinions are valueless; and, secondly, so brutally hostile to our national existence that their counsels should be regarded as the sneers of an enemy. There is hardly a prediction that has been made by the leading London journals which has not been falsified. There is not a suggestion that has found place in them which it would not have been injurious to adopt. They have learned by this time that the Potomac does not empty into the Mississippi, and that Vicksburg is not on the Hudson. But they have not learned not to hate us, and not to wish for our ruin.

The consequence is that we have at length achieved our independence, and are as indifferent to British opinion as we have always been to French or German opinion. No French or German criticism of our policy or our habits ever annoyed us. And now we care as little about British criticism. Our journals no longer publish the abusive articles of the London *Times*, for nobody cares to read them. It is taken for granted that whatever is said about us in England will be false, mean, unjust, and ill-natured; and nobody cares about seeing the precise form of abuse adopted. Henceforth we shall pay no more attention to what the English think or say than we do to the views of the Dutch or the Spaniards.

This is a great point gained, and really lays us under obligations to the London press. Nothing was more injurious to the development of independent national thought than the craven, semi-colonial deference to British views which used to prevail in this country. We shall hear no more now of what the London *Times* says on this or that subject, or what the British Reviews have decided on this or that book, policy, picture, or play. We are going now to do our own thinking. For this great boon let us be duly thankful.

AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

THE steady advance in the price of manufactured goods imported from abroad should secure to our manufacturers an era of unexampled prosperity. All kinds of dry goods and hardware, for instance, imported from England, have advanced, since the war began, from 75 to 150 per cent. With the exception of cotton, there has been no corresponding advance in the cost of the raw material; and labor, though more valuable than it was, has not risen in an equal ratio. The fact is, the tariff was advanced at the commencement of the war from an average of 20 per cent. to an average of 30 per cent., and the duties being payable in gold, the actual duty has averaged 40 or 45 per cent.

If legislation and casual favors can develop manufacturing industry in this country, we ought now to become independent of the world. There is not a manufactured article used in any house in the United States which can not now be made cheaper in this country than it can be imported from abroad. There is not a tool, or an article of wearing apparel, which New England can not produce at a lower price than it will cost to procure a similar article from Europe. If our manufacturers have any energy, they will now drive the foreigner out of our markets once and forever.

But there must be no mistake in the selection of a site for manufactures. New England is not destined to be the home of manufacturing industry, for the simple reason that it does not possess the coal which is the main-spring of manufactures. It is in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois—especially the latter—that the great factories of the United States will finally find their home. Illinois alone is capable of manufacturing every thing that is wanted in this country, from steam-engines to kid gloves; from threshing machines to buhl tables. And now is the time to establish factories there. The great manufacturing establishments of England which have enriched Manchester, and Leeds, and Paisley, and Birmingham, date from the Napoleonic wars. If our capitalists are shrewd and enterprising, our great war will do as much for them, the great manufactures of the United States will now be established at the West, and this country will not only become independent of Europe, but will, by-and-by, be prepared to send goods thither as well as produce.

THE LOUNGER.

OUR FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

WE have all spoken with constant and just indignation of our enemies in England; have we thought or said enough of our friends? We have always had them even there. Edmund Burke, our British friend in the Revolution, did not justify the colonies. He said only that it was impolitic for Britain to exercise the right she claimed, and therefore he would not ask whether she had it. But our friends in England now are unconditional. They clearly comprehend the origin and scope of the war, and they spare no effort to enlighten the public mind around them. In fact no country torn by war ever had so firm, intelligent, and active a body of friends in another country as the United States now have in England. The senile absurdities of Lord Brougham, the dandy slanders of Sir Bulwer Lytton, the feeble flings of Carlyle, the thundering falsehoods of the *Times*, the shrill chorus of abuse from the lesser press, and the long-continued, contemptuous "neutrality" of the Government, pausing only when it saw distinctly that the sailing of the Rams was war—all these, with the passionate hatred of the Union, and maudlin sympathy with a rebellion to establish slavery, which abound in the London clubs and English society, are not more remarkable than the faithful friendship of John Stuart Mill, of John Elliott Cairnes, of Goldwin Smith, of John Bright, and of the others whose names are familiar in our ears and our hearts.

With the beginning of the rebellion, and the declaration of equal belligerence by the British Government, these men began their work of active friendship. Mr. Mill's pamphlet upon the American contest was a clear and masterly statement of the situation. None more comprehensive and powerful has been made in this country. First issued in a magazine, it was subsequently published separately. It was followed by letters in the same spirit in answer to invitations to public meetings. An article of his upon the American question in the *Westminster Review* is unsurpassed for its wisdom, common sense, and manliness applied to our great struggle.

The work of which Mr. Mill's article was a review, "The Slave Power," by Professor Cairnes, republished here by Carleton and by a Boston house, is the most complete presentation of the subject ever made. The perfect familiarity of the author, not only with the political movements of the last thirty years in this country, but with their most secret spirit and bearing, and his calm and elaborate exposition of the social and industrial death which is, by the laws of political economy and of nature, engendered by slavery, make this book the most valuable single work which the long and fierce debate in this country has produced. Professor Cairnes was at once attacked by all the English emissaries and agents of rebellious slavery. His facts were denied, his arguments controverted, and his conclusions scouted. But the champion was worthy of the cause. He stripped for the fight, and in the columns of the London *Daily News* he absolutely demolished his antagonists. They were either Englishmen who did not understand the merits of the case and the qualities of their opponent, or they were renegade Americans, who supposed that their mere dicta would prevail in an American question. But Mr. Cairnes cleared the field. His argument, his good-humor, his agility, his ample and detailed knowledge, were irresistible. A lecture upon the war delivered by him last winter in Dublin was printed and circulated as a tract, and his "Slave Power" was issued in a second and enlarged edition. It is a work indispensable to every man who would thoroughly comprehend the slavery question. In all his conclusions the American reader may not agree. But nobody will deny the immense service it has rendered to the American cause.

Goldwin Smith, Professor of History at Oxford, was first generally introduced to the public of this country by his most able speech last spring at the meeting in Liverpool or Manchester to protest against the building of rebel pirates in English yards. The meeting was nearly simultaneous with the debate in Parliament in which Mr. Laird, amidst the loud applause of British lawgivers, flippantly announced that he intended to break the British laws. Mr. Goldwin Smith claimed that if the law were not sufficient, the law should be changed. Lord Palmerston sneered that the Government would *not* ask a change of the law. Six months afterward Lord Palmerston's colleague declared that they would. In April Goldwin Smith demanded that Great Britain should hold a certain course, because it was the only honorable and dignified one. In October the British Government ungraciously says it intends to take it, because it is the only safe one. Which of us—as Goldwin Smith indignantly asks—which of us has dishonored and belittled England? His pamphlet, just republished here, upon the question whether the Bible justifies American slavery, is the conclusive reply of a competent and trained scholar to the shallow brawling of reverend charlatans. At the moment when the *Times* and English public sentiment are trying to persuade themselves that slavery is, after all, a Christian institution, Professor Smith scatters the hope of success, and so knocks another prop from English sympathy with slavery in bloody rebellion against the peace and existence of a power friendly to England.

The speeches of Mr. Bright, of Mr. Forster, and of Mr. Cobden, are familiar to our readers. Their steady attitude of sympathy will not be forgotten whatever befalls. And that nothing may be wanting to show the quality of our English friends, they have now begun the publication of a series of short monthly penny tracts. The first, by Frances Power Cobbe, "The Red Flag in John Bull's eyes;" the second, by Isa Craig, "The Essence of Slavery, extracted from Mrs. Kemble's Georgian Journal;" the third, "Who are the Canters?" by Professor Cairnes; the fourth, by Edward Dicey, etc. While such friends do such work for our cause we have no right to speak of "England" as hostile. For they speak the thought of the leading minds of England. They forecast its future. And it is for their sake, for their tried and true friendship for us, that every loyal American is bound to do all he can by temperate criticism and forbearance, not indeed sparing the sharpest censure of the venal falsehood of the British press, and the meanness of the British Government, to lessen the chances of war between America and England.

FROM A DIARY.

THE Lounger's friend who keeps a diary has returned from his summer wanderings to his corner at the club, where he hears and sees a great many amusing things. It is with his consent that the Lounger transcribes a few passages:

Coming in the other morning I found X—— laughing at the cool way in which the *World* cuts Vallandigham, "the representative martyr of the Lincoln despotism," as X—— called him. Then he turned to the *Express* of the previous evening, and laughed still more. "What does it say?" I asked. "I don't know," he answered, "but the mere name of the paper reminded me of a certain M. C. for the city, and of a story I heard at Mrs. Chaffinch's dinner-table yesterday. I sat next to the furious Mrs. ——, whose husband, you know, is in the rebel army. She turned to me and said, 'I suppose you hate us like the rest.' 'My dear Madame,' I answered, 'I hate nobody; I am a philosopher.'

"She was quite reassured, and prattled on in the most amusing way. 'Do you know,' said she, 'that I have been afraid to go into society ever since I have been in New York, lest I should hear remarks offensive to Southern ears.'

"'My dear lady,' said I, 'New York is a very large place. You may choose your society, and you must be extremely fastidious if you are not suited. Mormons and Mohammedans, I doubt not, find congenial companionship here. Why should a rebel despair, my dear Madame?' said I, smiling.

"'Oh!' she answered, 'I am quite elated. I called the other day at the house of one of your members of Congress, and there was a large company assembled; and I assure you, although public affairs were discussed, and I am the wife of a Confederate officer, I heard nothing that was not most agreeable to my feelings—nothing at all.'"

"Whew!" said I: "and what did you say to that?"

"I smiled, *en philosophe*, and I said, 'Why, my dear Madame, you might have been at the house of any of our city members, and your ears would have been perfectly secure.'

"'Very well,' said Madame, proudly, 'I can tell you that Mrs. Burnside, or Mrs. Grant, or Mrs. Foster, or Mrs. Gilmore, could not be at the house of any of *our* members without hearing what would be extremely disagreeable.'

"'Yes, Madame. May I offer you a bit of this pâté?'

"The truth is," said X——, "Mrs. Jefferson Davis would be as much fêted in the first Copperhead circles here as in the rebel drawing-rooms of Richmond. But what then? There were Tories in the Revolution. The best wine will have lees."

Colonel Tom told me the last *mot* of the President, whose good things will be as famous as Talleyrand's. He was anxious to know who was really responsible for the surrender of Harper's Ferry last summer. So he summoned Halleck. The General did not know. "Very well," said the President, "then I will ask General Schenck." That General merely knew that he was not to blame. The President sent for Milroy. Milroy averred that he was not guilty. Hooker was summoned. Fighting Joe hoped it was clear to His Excellency that he had nothing to do with it. "Perfectly clear," said our Uncle Abraham, smiling. So he assembled all the four Generals in his room. "Gentlemen," said he, "Harper's Ferry was surrendered, and none of you, it seems, are responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is." He walked up and down the room, while they still sat there. Suddenly he stopped. "I have it," he said. "I know who is responsible." The Generals crowded about the President, each a little suspicious. "Who is it, who is it, Mr. President?" "Gentlemen," replied our uncle, with a twinkle in his eye, "General Lee is the man."

Trimountain is here from Boston, and dined with me yesterday. He says that little Mrs. V—— is a tremendous Copperhead, because her husband once lived in New Orleans; and the other day she went to the barber's to have her boy's hair cut. While the barber was busy a gentleman began to abuse the Government, said Trimountain, with the copiousness of an Amasa Parker and the ardor of a Sunset Cox. There was nothing too vile to be attributed to it, and gorilla was too mild a name for the sanguinary and vindictive Lincoln. But, above all things, coercion was the most to be denounced. Who is safe if coercion is to be admitted? What right has this Government to coerce sovereign States?

Little Mrs. V—— fairly trembled with delight, and at the first pause in the torrent of talk she stepped forward.

"Excuse me, Sir, I am unknown to you; but my whole heart responds to your most just and generous sentiments. I am glad that some men are still enough men to protest against this infamous despotism. I thank you, Sir, in the name of the gallan and struggling Southrons, whom the Government is wickedly endeavoring to coerce. From my heart I thank you, Sir."

The gentleman bowed, said that he was very happy that they had so true a sympathy, and wished her good-morning. He went out, and the moment the door was closed little Mrs. V—— asked, with enthusiasm, for the name of so patriotic a gentleman.

"Why, marm, excuse me, do you remember the man who seduced a woman and half killed her, some years ago, and was sent to the State Prison?"

"Yes."

"Well, marm, this is the chap. He came back yesterday, and he nat'rally goes agin coercion."

Little Mrs. V—— did not tell the story, said Trimountain, but the barber did.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S FRANCE.

BY-AND-BY, when the complications arising from the French conquest of Mexico plainly develop themselves, we shall wonder that we have been so long unwilling to see that our most subtle and dangerous foe from the beginning of our war was Louis Napoleon. We have raged against John Bull as the most jealous and sordid of nominal allies. But how has it been with Emperor Louis?

He began, hand in hand with the British Government, by recognizing equal belligerence between the rebels and the nation. But in our wrath with England, our ancient foe, we overlooked the singular fact that France, our traditional friend, showed exactly the same hostility. Under plea of the recognition, and of her neutrality, and of her municipal law, the British Government shut its eyes and was sick at home, when pirates were built, rigged, armed, and manned in her yards, and sailed from her ports. Let the whole truth be stated. The British Parliament sneered at us; the officers of her Government openly declared themselves against us—for it was nothing less than this when Russell said that we were fighting for dominion, and when Palmerston said that they would not change the law even if it did not save their neutrality, and when Gladstone said that the rebel chief had created a nation—the British Press, with splendid exceptions, stormed at us, the stress of British public opinion declared against us, and the fact that pirate ships sailed under the British flag, and were coaled and victualed at British ports, without remonstrance from the British Government, unquestionably drove American ships from the ocean and ruined that enormous branch of our commercial activity. That is the indictment against England. It is black enough. Clearly the substantial part of her offense is the policy of piracy. But this she has stopped, and by paying arrears of damage the mischief can be soon repaired.

How is it with Louis Napoleon? Beginning with England in recognizing the rebels as belligerents, he signed with England and Spain the treaty of Soledad to secure the payment from Mexico of their common debt. But the moment that his purpose evidently transcended the agreement, and contemplated the conquest of the country, thereby establishing an interest which compelled him to be the active foe of this Government, England withdrew from the treaty. Have we done her justice in the matter? The occupation of Mexico under plea of collecting a debt was a most specious pretense for compelling the result of our war which England was supposed to desire. But she refused, and Louis Napoleon pushed on alone.

But when he landed on Mexican soil he put his foot upon a cardinal and traditional point of the policy of the United States, and he did it because he thought us unable to resist. He subverted a republic, our neighbor. He scornfully flouted our established declaration that we could not, in view of our own interest, see unconcerned a foreign European power forcibly dictating an internal policy to any of our neighbors. He did it counting upon the success of the rebellion to found two rival states upon our late united domain, which would be a check upon each other, while the weakest, lying next to him, would depend upon his alliance. Mr. Slidell said openly in Paris within six months that the rebels would gladly become colonists of France rather than return to their old allegiance. In Mexico Louis Napoleon still remains. Every day necessarily commits him to a more positive hostility to us, because the success of the rebellion was essential to his plans, and as that prospect fades he is forced upon the alternative of deliberately retiring from Mexico, which is a confession both of infamy and failure, or of lending his aid to secure the success upon which he counts.

The blow Louis Napoleon aims at us is deep and mortal. England, even if she would gladly see us smitten, refuses to strike. Coarse and clumsy John Bull must needs be, and he has never affected to like us. But his offenses in this war can be condoned, if not forgotten. While Louis Napoleon's France, which began to offend with him—which treats the *Florida* as a ship of war—which receives with confidence and respect the rebel emissary Slidell, whose confederate, Mason, is kicked out of England by John Bull—which proposed to England to mediate, when mediation meant either humiliation or exasperation to the United States, as England told him, and declined—whose agent in Washington is a notorious sympathizer with the rebels—which, unless belied, is building ships for our enemy—and which, had she had convenient ports, would have coaled and victualed those already loose upon the seas—Louis Napoleon's France, which, counting upon our destruction, has been swift to take steps that require our ruin for their success, is the most dangerous enemy of the United States which the war has revealed.

GENERAL BURNSIDE.

THE very important operations of General Burnside in Eastern Tennessee have hardly received their fair appreciation. Until his late dispatch announcing his march upon the great southwestern rebel line from Lynchburg, and redemption of the whole State, none of his official accounts have been published. What is the reason of this silence? Burnside's movement from the capture of Morgan and his horde, the passage of the Cumberland Gap to his entry into Knoxville, and occupation of Eastern Tennessee, has been triumphant. From the beginning of the war we have all cried, "Why neglect East Tennessee? Why not seize and hold the most loyal part of the rebel section, and a military position of the utmost importance?" And now when it is done by one of the most gallant, heroic, and noble of our Generals, ought we not to take a little more care to weave a laurel wreath for the liberator of East Tennessee?

We have the dispatches of other Generals in full, why not Burnside's? Is it because General Halleck does not like him? And does General Halleck dislike him because Burnside recommended his removal as a military advantage? Does General Halleck remember the story of the pontoons at Fredericksburg?

There is great harm in wanton allusions to disagreeable circumstances. But we must remember that General Burnside has resigned his command more than once, and retained it only in obedience to the express wishes of the President, and, we may add, of the earnest desire of the country. If that resignation was in any degree the result of jealousy in other quarters and consequent injustice, the truth should be known that public opinion may judge the offenders. Meanwhile Burnside's name remains among the most cherished and illustrious of the war. The nobility of the man is well matched by the skill and heroism of the soldier.

A LAST WORD.

ON Tuesday, the 3d of Novembe the people of the State of New York are to decide whether the Empire State shall be the only one of the glorious band of loyal communities to pronounce against the Union and Government, and the war for their preservation. And if any honest voter objects that it is not fair to say so, and insists that the Copperheads are equally zealous with loyal men for the Union and the Government, let him observe this fact, that at the Copperhead Metropolitan Ratification Meeting the motto selected for the inspiration of the speeches and the expression of the sentiment of the audience was, that the question is between the Union and the Administration, not between the Union and the rebellion. That there is a bloody conspiracy against the Government, that it seeks by arms the dissolution of the Union, that to perplex and embarrass the Government in saving the Union is to play into the hands of its enemies, were facts not mentioned by the Copperhead orators who ask our votes for their ticket. But that the success of that ticket is counted upon by Lee and Bragg and Davis as the strongest blow for their cause; that every foreign enemy of this country prays that it may triumph; that every voter who encouraged the riots or took part in them, and every man who wishes to see the Government forced to make terms with armed traitors, will vote for that ticket, is as well known as that Lincoln is honest and Davis a rebel.

You have to answer by your vote not whether you approve every measure of the war, but whether you think the country in more danger from our own Government than from the rebel authorities. If you think the latter, then vote as the rebels want you to vote. If you think our danger is not from ourselves but from our enemies, then vote so that the 3d of November in New York shall be a victory at the polls as significant as the great day of Gettysburg in the field.

WHAT MR. LINDSAY THINKS.

THERE is great harmony of sentiment between our Copperheads and the British friends of the rebels. Even the vagaries of Vallandigham, a quadruple disunionist, find support in England. Mr. W. S. Lindsay, a gentleman who came to this country before the war, to secure a monopoly of a certain California trade for English ships, and went home again wroth at his failure, informs us that he believes the "old republic" will be cut up not merely into two, but into four distinct States. This is Vallandigham's thunder. That martyr statesman proposed the same plan three or four years ago in Congress.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMING MAN.

A DAILY paper says: "He is going to take his stand upon the floor of Congress as an independent, individual statesman. As such he will rule the surging factions around him without joining them or compromising with them. He will bring his splendid powers to bear upon great national questions from new and unexpected points of approach. He will exert his mighty mind to preserve, consolidate, and support the country, and will yield to no ultra isms or pestilent politicians."

Who will? Has Madison returned? Is Jefferson alive? Are Hamilton, or King, or John Quincy Adams to sit in the next House? Have we a Calhoun, a Clay, a Webster among us? Not quite. "This is to be the Hon. Fernando Wood's exalted station in the next Congress."

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL SHERMAN and staff have left for the front, and indications of operations are apparent.

General RIPLEY, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, has paid the Department a flying visit.

General DODGE has returned from a leave of absence, and resumed command of the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps.

General SWEENEY'S command have been sent in pursuit of the rebels from Lagrange.

By order of the War Department, Assistant Surgeon-General WOOD has removed his head-quarters from St. Louis, Missouri, to Louisville, Kentucky.

Generals GRANT and ROSECRANS both arrived at Stevenson, Alabama, on 20th, the one from Nashville, the other from Chattanooga, and were the guests of General HOOKER. Such a military gathering attracted much attention.

Chief-Engineer A. C. STIMERS has been notified by the Secretary of the Navy that the Court of Inquiry in his case have reported "that in their opinion there is no necessity nor propriety of further proceedings."

The Treasury Department has recently sent seven or eight million dollars to the West for the payment of troops.

The execution of Dr. WRIGHT, for the murder of Lieutenant SANBORN, took place in Norfolk, Virginia, on 23d. An attempt was made by the culprit to escape by using the dress of his daughter, while admitted to see him.

The Counties of Hancock, Brooke, and Ohio, in West Virginia, have been detached from the Department of the Monongahela, and added to the Department of West Virginia, under Brigadier-General B. F. KELLY.

Rear-Admiral DAHLGREN has thought proper to contradict, in the most authoritative manner, the absurd report that the relations existing between General GILMORE and himself were not of a harmonious character. The report that Captain TURNER has relieved Admiral DAHLGREN is positively denied.

General WILLIAM HAYS, U.S.V., has taken his seat as President of the Court-martial from which Brigadier-General SLOUGH was relieved. Captain H. F. BROWNSON, A.A.G., is detailed as member of the court in place of Captain JOHN E. JEWETT, A.D.C., who is ordered to Memphis for duty on the staff of Brigadier-General LEGGETT, U.S.V.

General MILROY has received leave of absence for twenty days, and has gone to Indiana.

Rear-Admiral PORTER reports the capture, by Acting Chief Engineer THOMAS DOUGHTY, of twenty men, and Mr. HOBBS, on the Red River, of two steamers performing important service for the rebels. It being impossible to bring the vessels out into the Mississippi, they were destroyed.

Major-General MEADE was in Washington on 22d, and had a long interview with the President and General HALLECK. He returned to the Army of the Potomac on 23d, rumors of his having been relieved to the contrary notwithstanding.

General TRUSTEN POLK has arrived a prisoner at St. Louis, and will be sent to Johnson's Island.

Colonel M'KELVEY is still in command of the Convalescent Camp in Virginia, and Lieutenant-Colonel DICKINSON has not been appointed to it; and Colonel GREEN is still Chief Provost Marshal of the Department of Washington, and was never in command of the camp aforesaid, and therefore could not have been relieved.

By direction of the President, the Secretary of War has written a letter to Colonel FITZ ROY DE COURCEY, commanding a brigade under General BURNSIDE, complimenting him in the highest terms for his expeditious march from Knoxville to Cumberland, in the movement upon that place. His command of infantry marched sixty miles in fifty-two hours.

Major-General FRENCH, while leading his column at Auburn, Virginia, during the recent charge on the front of the Army of the Potomac, received a bullet in his hat.

Brigadier-General ELLIOTT has been ordered from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of the Cumberland.

Brigadier-General CARR has been assigned to the command of the Third Division, Third Army Corps, of the Army of the Potomac.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

LEE has fallen back across the Rappahannock. Meade followed him slowly, repairing the Orange and Alexandria Railroad as he went. Skirmishes occur daily, especially between the cavalry reconnoitring parties; but no battle has taken place, and the impression prevails that the campaign in Virginia is at an end for the season.

GENERAL GRANT IN THE FIELD.

General Grant has issued an order assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and announcing that his head-quarters will be in the field.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

From Chattanooga we learn, by dispatches *via* Cincinnati, that a portion of the enemy's forces under Generals Breckinridge and Hindman had withdrawn from the front of General Grant's army, and were moving in large bodies to the left of our army. It was reported that an attack was made on both Atlanta and Rome in the rear. General M'Pherson drove the rebels from Canton, Mississippi, on the 15th, taking 200 prisoners and occupying the town. The Army of the Cumberland is detained for the present from making any general movement in consequence of the delay in bringing up supplies.

A FIGHT NEAR CORINTH.

General Osterhaus, in the advance from Corinth, eastward, on the 21st inst., encountered two brigades of rebel cavalry, under Generals Lee and Forrest, near Cherokee Station. The fight lasted an hour, when the rebels were driven back with serious loss. Our loss was seven killed and thirty-seven wounded.

EAST TENNESSEE.

The latest reports from General Burnside represent that he is rendering good service in East Tennessee, and has repeatedly driven back rebel reconnoitring parties.

CHARLESTON.

The siege is steadily progressing, and General Gilmore's batteries are nearly ready to open on the doomed city. We have a dispatch received in Richmond from Charleston, dated the 23d inst., which says that stormy times are expected soon.

AFFAIRS IN TEXAS.

The whole rebel force west of the Mississippi is reported not to exceed 20,000 men, and among them there is much disaffection, resulting in frequent desertions. On the 26th ult. Kirby Smith visited the rebel army at Arkadelphia, under Price, finding it in a state of demoralization. He therefore relieved Price and put Holmes in his place. This action raised a mutiny among both officers and men, who are unfriendly to Holmes, and the confusion is described to have been without bounds. Between Sunday and Friday, from 500 to 700 men deserted, and to save the army orders were given to march south to Waco, on the Rio Brazos. Kirby Smith's head-quarters are at Marshall. A strong Union sentiment is reported to be exhibiting itself in Northern Texas, and Morgan, the Union candidate for Congress in the First District, comprising nineteen counties, has been elected.

ROSECRANS AT HOME.

General Rosecrans arrived at Cincinnati on 26th, and was escorted to the Burnet House by an immense crowd of citizens. He was enthusiastically welcomed throughout the entire line of march.

Judge Storer introduced the General to the assemblage by saying his fellow-citizens of Cincinnati appreciated the work he had accomplished for his country, and he assured him of their unshaken confidence. While he had never dishonored his native State, his native State had never forgotten him. Alluding to his removal from the Army of the Cumberland, Judge Storer said the people would require the records upon which that action was based.

General Rosecrans returned thanks for the expression of sympathy and respect which this public reception implied. While he felt flattered by it, he could not forget that the heart of the people did not go out to individuals alone. It was the principle for which we were contending, the struggle for national life which produced such assemblies. He asked the people never to forget their duty to the Government, whatever might happen to individuals. The question as to how he had been used he desired to leave for future time to answer.

Some friends of mine in New York, he said, are very solicitous about my health. The Army of the Cumberland thinks I am well enough, and so do I. As for the quantity of opium I have taken, consult my druggist. New York and Washington papers have said that Generals Crittenden and M'Cook intended to make charges against me. They have assured me that they regret exceedingly that such false reports should be started.

He said that since the battle of Chicamauga he had received a letter of approval from the President for his action in that affair; and whatever charges appeared in the Eastern papers against him, he was satisfied that the Government was in no way responsible for them. He expressed his readiness to do whatever the Government requires of him.

At the conclusion of his speech cheers were given for General Rosecrans and the Army of the Cumberland. The welcome throughout was earnest and hearty.

OUR POOR FELLOWS AT RICHMOND.

The number of Yankee prisoners held in Richmond up to the 12th was recorded at the Libey prison as a fraction under twelve thousand. One of the prisoners, a member of the Pennsylvania Cavalry, was shot a night or two previous by a guard while attempting an escape, and was instantly killed.

THE NEW QUOTA OF NEW YORK.

By a dispatch received yesterday at the Executive Department, in Albany, from Provost Marshal General Fry, it appears that the quota of volunteers which the State of New York is to raise before the 5th of January is one hundred and eight thousand and eighty-five.

WHAT THE REBELS WILL TAKE.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says:

Save on our own terms we can accept no peace whatever, and must fight till doomsday rather that yield an iota of them; and our terms are:

Recognition by the enemy of the independence of the Confederate States.

Withdrawal of the Yankee forces from every foot of Confederate ground, including Kentucky and Missouri.

Withdrawal of the Yankee soldiers from Maryland, until that State shall decide by a free vote whether she shall remain in the old Union or ask admission into the Confederacy.

Consent on the part of the Federal Government to give up to the Confederacy its proportion of the navy as it stood at the time of secession, or to pay for the same.

Yielding up all pretension on the part of the Federal Government to that portion of the old Territories which lies west of the Confederate States.

An equitable settlement, on the basis of our absolute independence and equal rights, of all accounts of the public debt and public lands, and the advantages accruing from foreign treaties.

FREE LABOR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The Commissioners for renting Government plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana represent that the workings of the paid labor system are decidedly successful and profitable. A strong disposition exists on the part of Union men to concert means for the re-establishment of civil government in those States.

THE MISSOURI QUESTION.

President Lincoln's reply to the Missouri delegation, his letter of instructions to General Schofield, together with an address by Mr. Drake, in answer to the President's reply, have been published.

The main points of the President's reply are as follows; He fails to see that the condition of Missouri and the wrongs and sufferings of the Union men are attributable to weakness and imbecility, but rather to the civil war, of which he gives a vivid picture, referring to the condition of the State under Generals Frémont, Hunter, Halleck, and Curtis, to sustain his position.

He does not believe that the massacre at Lawrence proves imbecility on the part of General Schofield, as similar acts could have been committed by Colonel Grierson or John Morgan, had they chosen to commit them. He approves General Schofield's action to prevent a counter-raid into Missouri by citizens of Kansas, as the only safe way to avoid indiscriminate massacre.

He says the charge that General Schofield has purposely withheld protection from loyal people, and facilitated the objects of the disloyal, is altogether beyond the power of his belief. With his present views he declines to remove General Schofield.

Regarding the enrollment of the militia, he says he shall ascertain better than he now knows what its exact value is. In the mean time he declines to abandon it, and expresses gratitude to General Schofield for ordering it in June last, thereby enabling him to strengthen General Grant at the time reinforcements were imperatively needed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ANGLO-REBEL RAMS.

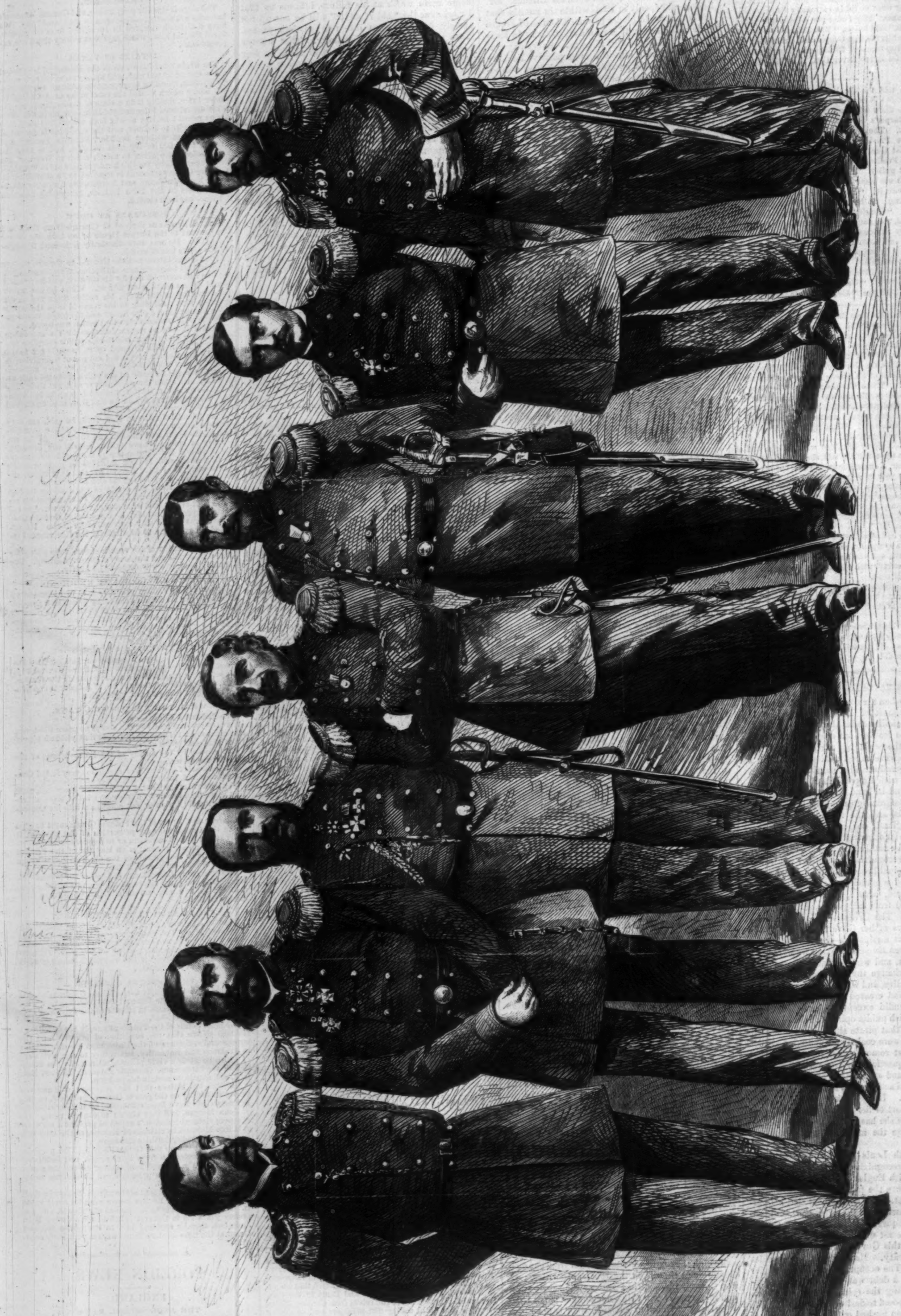
THE Mersey rams have been placed under charge of a detachment of marines, and the London *Times* asserts that, though nothing had been decided in regard to them, yet, being suspected, they would not be allowed to slip away as the *Alabama* did.

REV. H. W. BEECHER.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has made another impressive speech in Liverpool. He was again disgracefully interrupted; but a riot, which had been expected, did not take place.

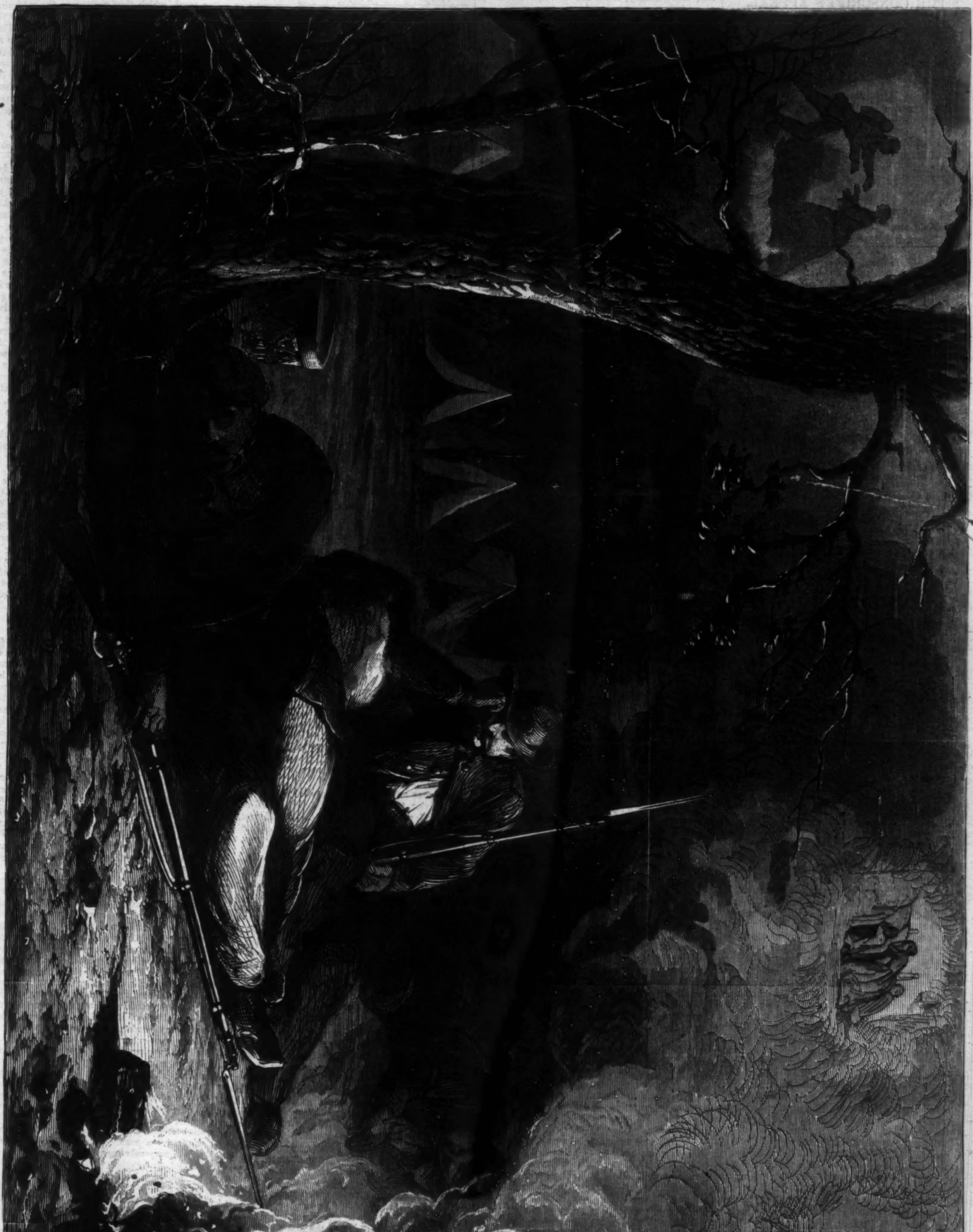
ENGLAND THREATENED WITH WAR IN INDIA.

It is stated that the Punjaub had been invaded by 7000 men, headed by the sons of Dost Mohammed, who are thought to be merely the van-guard of a large force.



Captain Zelenoi. Captain Bootakov. Captain Fedorovski. Admiral Lessoffski. Captain Kopitov. Captain Kraemer. Captain Lundh.

OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 711.]



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THE CONSCRIPT'S APPEAL.

"MARSHAL, revoke the stern decree!
Doctor, I can not go!
Though my disease you may not see,
I'm far from well, I know!

"What though my cheeks look florid now,
'Tis a deceptive glow;
The enemy's first fire, I vow,
Will turn them white as snow!

"And tho' my limbs seem strong and straight,
I know their old disease;
A 'charge' would find them, sure as Fate,
Uncertain in the knees!

"My heart, too, which just now you heard
Beating so calm and slow,
Would strangle me, upon my word,
Soon as I saw the foe!

"And lastly, Sirs, my appetite,
Though generally good,
Is dainty, and would fail me quite
Upon your soldier's food!

"Besides, think how I would be missed
By all the ladies here!
So, Marshal, strike me from your list:
Exempt me, Doctor, dear!"

Then spake the Marshal: "If 'tis true
What you have said, take thanks!
We want no popinjays like you
To mar our patriot ranks!

"So mark! you merely man in name,
Go, with what speed you can,
And for the glorious cause you shame
Provide a *real man!*"

The Conscript, like a beaten hound,
Slunk toward the open door,
But ere he crossed the threshold's bound
The lash fell yet once more.

A maid her brother's last embrace
Chanced in the hall to bide:
With kindling eye and glowing face,
"Foul slanderer!" she cried.

"Poor coward! no true woman's heart
A single throb would give
Wert thou to die. Indeed, thou art
Too abject *not* to *live!*

"Had I—" He waited not to hear
The indignant beauty's threat,
But fled as though the foe were near—
And may be fleeing yet.

C. D. G.

CASE FOR THE PRISONER.

AT six o'clock on Monday morning, the 29th of January, 1827, the Dover mail-coach, mud-bespattered and travel-stained, pulled up before the General Post-office in Lombard Street, and the official porters in attendance flung themselves upon it, and dragged from it the receptacle for letters (then containing correspondence from France, from foreign countries transmitting through France, and from Dover itself), which, in official language, was known as the mail-portmanteau. The guard, cold, stiff, and tired, tumbled off his perch, stamped his feet on the pavement, yawned, stretched himself, and literally "lent a hand" toward the removal of the mail-portmanteau by just touching it in its descent with his four fingers; the coachman, also cold, stiff, and tired, let his benumbed left hand give to the motion of the four jaded horses, which, dank and steaming, stretched their necks, and yawed about with their heads and shook their bodies, rattling their harness in a dismal manner. All the passengers had dismounted long ago, the guard had stepped inside the office to settle some little matter in connection with the way-bill, the few stragglers always waiting about to see the coaches come in had been cheaply edified and were moving off, the coachman had jerked the horses' heads into the air preparatory to walking them round to the stable, when a pale-faced clerk, with a pen behind his ear, came rushing out of the little side-door, tumbling over the guard, and exclaiming, "Hold hard, for God's sake! The mail has been robbed!"

When the two official porters carried the mail-portmanteau into the Foreign Office of the General Post-office, they placed it before the clerk waiting to receive it. There was little time to count, and sort, and dispatch the letters; the clerk knew that, in order to get through his work, he must have quick eyes and nimble fingers; and in a minute he had unbuckled the flaps of the square portmanteau and thrown them back, preparatory to opening the two compartments, when in each of the compartments he saw a long cut, as with a knife, large enough to admit of the inclosed bags being drawn out. Rather staggered at this, the clerk hastily turned all the bags out on to the floor, noticing as he did so that several of them were cut and frayed. Then he looked for the Paris letter-bill, which he found in due course, and read as follows: "No. 203. Direction Générale des Postes de France. Départ de Paris pour Londres. Ce Vendredi, 26 Janvier, Année 1827. Le contenue de votre dernière depêche du 24me a été exactement distribué, et ultérieurement expédié pour sa destination, l'administration vous demande le même soin pour le contenu de la présente du reçu, de laquelle vous voudrez bien lui donner avis." Then followed a list of the bags and their weights, from France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Switzerland, Germany, and Turkey. The clerk carefully compared the bill in his hand with the bags lying before him, and instantly found that the Italian bag, the heaviest, and probably, therefore, the most valuable, was missing.

The pale-faced clerk, rushing out and communicating this fact to the coachman and overturned guard (when he was picked up) of the Dover mail-coach, had the satisfaction of seeing their rubicund countenances turn to his own hue; but with that he was obliged to remain content, as they merely invoked different species of condemnation on various portions of their anatomy, if they knew any thing about it, or could tell how it occurred. So the Dover mail-coach went round to its stables. That night, when the return Dover mail left the Elephant and Castle, it had for one of its inside passengers the solicitor to the General Post-office: a man of clear head and prompt action, to whom the investigation of delicate matters connected with the postal service was confided. To him, comfortably installed at the Ship Hotel, came the postmaster of Calais and the captain of the *Henri Quatre*, the French packet by which the mail had been brought over. After a little consultation these gentlemen were clearly of opinion that the mail arrived intact at Calais, was sent thence and arrived intact at Dover, was sent thence intact, and was violated on the road to London. Tending to the proof of this was a special circumstance. When the mail arrived at Dover, it was so unusually heavy as to induce a custom-house officer who saw it landed to regard it with suspicion; so he accompanied the men who bore it from the French vessel to the packet-agent's office, that he might see it opened, and be satisfied that it contained nothing prohibited. The portmanteau was unbuckled and its compartments were thrown open in the presence of this officer, of Sir Thomas Coates the packet-agent, and of three other persons, all of whom were certain that the compartments of the bags were in a perfect state, and that the bags were then uncut.

So far so good. In such cases proving a negative is the next best thing to positive proof, because it shuts the gate and prevents your wandering in the wrong direction. So the solicitor to the Post-office, journeying back to London, and taking up the threads of his case on his way, stopped at Canterbury, made a few casual inquiries, pricked up his ears, opened a regular official investigation, and received what he believed to be very important information. For it appeared that on the Sunday night of the robbery four inside and three outside passengers left Dover by the mail-coach for London. The four insides were booked for London; one of the outsides was booked for Chatham; another for Canterbury, or as much further toward London as he pleased; the third outside intimated that he should only go as far as Canterbury. When the mail reached the Fountain Inn, Canterbury, the outside passenger who was booked as far toward London as he pleased got down and paid his fare, stating that he should go no further; the passenger who was booked for Canterbury alighted at the same time; and the two walked away from the coach together.

One of the mail-coach proprietors, who resided at Canterbury, happened to be looking at the mail while it was standing at the door on the evening in question, and observed two men, dressed as if they had just left the coach, crossing the street. They stood consulting together for a few minutes, and, after walking about fifty yards, stopped again, when a third man joined them. They all conversed for about a minute, and then separated; two of them went down the street on the road to London; the mail passed them; and almost immediately afterward they returned up the street in the direction of the Rose Hotel. The third man went into the coach-office, booked himself as an outside passenger for London, and went on by the mail. Shortly after the mail passed through Canterbury that night two strangers, coming from the direction in which the mail had gone, entered the Rose Hotel, and ordered a chaise to London. On being asked whether they would change horses at Ospringe or Sittingbourn, they said it was immaterial, so long as they got on quickly. The waiter who showed them into a sitting-room noticed that they had a small bag with them. They ordered some brandy and water, and shut themselves in—in the room, not the bag. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour the waiter, suddenly opening the door to say that the chaise was ready, perceived various letters (at least twenty or thirty), and several small paper packets, lying on the table; the men were feeling the letters, holding them up to the candles, and otherwise examining their contents. They appeared much confused when the waiter entered the room, crammed the letters into their pockets, paid their bill, got into the chaise, and at once set off for town.

The thieves were traced through different stages, until it was ascertained that they had been set down between six and seven o'clock on Monday morning near a watch-box in the Kent road, and that, having paid the post-boy, they then walked off toward Surrey Square.

So much notice was taken of the men at the Rose Hotel, and at the places where they stopped to change horses and take refreshment on the road to town, that a description of their persons was procured, and the police communicated with. On hearing the description, the police at once considered that it implicated one Tom Partridge, and one of his associates, who had been concerned in most of the coach robberies which had recently been committed; and private information having been obtained that these were really the men who had violated the mail, warrants were obtained, and Tom Partridge was "wanted." After a search of many weeks Tom Partridge was apprehended, and, on the examination which he underwent at Bow Street, was distinctly identified as one of the persons who booked an outside place at Dover by the mail of the evening in question, and as one of the men who were seen on the same evening at the Rose Hotel examining letters and packets which lay open before them. On this evidence Mr. Tom Partridge was fully committed for trial.

From March till August Mr. Tom Partridge lay in prison: immediately on his committal he had strongly denied his guilt, and had made application to be admitted to bail; but his request was refused. On the 21st of August, 1827, the assizes for the Home Circuit being then held in Maidstone, there was more than usual excitement round the old court-house of that town. Very many witnesses were to be examined on the part of the crown, among them some French gentlemen, clerks in the Paris Post-office, and officers of the packet, who had been staying at the principal hotel of Maidstone for some days, and at the expense of the prosecution: who had lived very freely, and had winked at the cherry-cheeked Kentish damsels in a manner which had caused some of those young girls to clench their fists and hint at giving "furriners" that dread blow known as a "smack o' th' face." And above all else productive of interest was the prevalent belief that the whole case was one of extraordinary circumstantial evidence; that it would turn upon the nicest question of personal identity; and that the prisoner intended bringing forward undeniable proofs of his innocence.

So the cramped little court was crowded from floor to ceiling when the learned judge took his seat on the bench. Immediately below him sat the Post-office solicitor, outwardly bland, but inwardly anxious: betraying his anxiety when there seemed any hitch in his case by repeated application to a massive gold snuff-box. From time to time he conferred with the crown counsel on his right hand, and occasionally answered questions put to him by two old gentlemen on his left, London merchants and bankers. More than the average number of counsel (none appearing for the prisoner though) at the little green table appropriated to them, and though sitting with wigs cocked awry and employing themselves generally in the mastication of quill pens, yet paying more than usual attention to a case in which they were not concerned. All round the court, wherever permissible, stood the eager public, stout broad-shouldered yeomen, buxom women, hostlers, and inn-yard loiterers, with occasionally among them the thin sallow face of a London "professional," probably a friend of the prisoner, contrasting strongly with the acres of broad healthy red cheeks by which it was surrounded. The prisoner himself in the dock fronting my lord the judge, a middle-sized stoutly-built man, with a queer humorous face, lighted by a twinkling arch blue eye. Not a bit daunted, but apparently rather pleased by the universal gaze, he stood leaning over the front of the dock, playing with the bits of herbs which custom still retained there, keenly observant of all that transpired, but apparently fully trusting in his own resources.

The judge settled himself in his seat, the usher demanded "Silence" at a moment when a pin might have been heard to drop, each juryman threw every scrap of intellect at his command into his countenance, the Post-office solicitor took an enormous pinch of snuff, and Mr. Sergeant Strongbow, retained on behalf of the crown, rose to address the court. He told the story briefly, pretty much as it has been here stated, and proceeded to call his witnesses. First came the French gentlemen. M. Etienne Bonheur, controller at the foreign office of the General Post-office, Paris, proved that he made up the mail for London on the evening of Friday, the 26th of January, that there was an Italian bag, that he handed them to M. Avier to dispatch. M. Avier, M. Gustave d'Ortell, postmaster of Calais, Captain Margot, of the *Henri Quatre* steamer, John Nash, the Custom-house officer at Dover, and Sir T. Coates, the packet-agent, all deposed to the dispatch and receipt of the mail in due course. Rather dull work this. So the judge thought, leaning back and biting his nails; so the jury thought, listening in bucolic wonder to the translation of the French witnesses's evidence by the interpreter, but bored when it came out in English a mere matter of formal routine connected with the transmission of a mail; so the prisoner thought, as he shifted from leg to leg, and smiled slightly once or twice, looking on with great unconcern. Booking-office keeper at Dover, mail coachman, coach proprietor at Canterbury, waiter and chambermaid at the Rose Hotel, waiters and hostlers all along the road, up they came one after the other, kissed the book, looked at the prisoner in the dock, and declared that he was the man who figured in their recollection as connected with the events of the night of the 28th of January. At the conclusion of this evidence the court adjourns for refreshment, judge goes out at a side-door, prisoner wipes his forehead and sits down by his guardian turnkey, Post-office solicitor takes a pinch of snuff and receives congratulations of London bankers on manner in which evidence had been got together, Sergeant Strongbow says, "Seems clear case," and commences sandwich.

After an interval of twenty minutes the court resumed, Sergeant Strongbow intimated that the case for the prosecution was concluded, and the prisoner, called upon for his defense, humbly prayed that a written paper which he had prepared might be read aloud. The court assenting, the paper was handed to an officer, and was read aloud, to the following effect: In the first place, the prisoner denied any participation in the crime of which he was accused, and stated that in the month of January last he was traveling with a person of the name of Trotter, on business, in the counties of Somerset and Devon. That on Monday, the 22d January, he and Trotter arrived at the George Inn, Glastonbury, kept by Mr. Booth. That they left the George the same day, and went to Mr. Baker's, who keeps an inn at Somerton, and thence in Mr. Baker's gig to Yeovil. That the prisoner, taking a fancy to the horse in this gig, sent word back to Mr. Baker that if he had a mind to sell it, he (prisoner) would meet him at the George Inn, Glastonbury, on the ball night, the Thursday following. That on this Thursday night the prisoner and Trotter duly arrived at the George, bought Baker's horse for twelve guineas twelve shillings, borrowing the silver money from Booth, tried it on the Friday morning, and left it with Booth to get it into better condition. That he (prisoner) and Trotter left Glastonbury at half past eleven on Saturday morning, the 27th, by the Exeter coach, which they quitted on the road about five miles from Tiverton, and walked on to that town. That at Tiverton they put up at the Three Tuns Hotel, and being cold, they called for and had some hot egg beer on their arrival, and that while at this hotel, having a wish to procure some clotted cream, they inquired of the waiter how they should carry it, when the waiter recommended them to have two tin cans for the purpose, which cans were procured and filled accordingly. That they staid at the Three Tuns during the Saturday, the 27th, and Sunday, the 28th, and left on Monday, the 29th, by the Bristol coach to Bridgewater.

This statement of the prisoner's having been read aloud, he was called upon to corroborate it by evidence. Thereupon he summoned and produced in the witness-box, one after the other, Booth, the landlord of the George at Glastonbury; Baker, of whom he bought the horse; Ellis, the waiter at the Three Tuns at Tiverton, who produced the book containing the entries of the refreshment had by the prisoner—among them the hot egg beer, the clotted cream, and the tins for carrying it; and the chambermaid at the same inn. All of these persons exactly corroborated the prisoner's statement, and all of them swore positively to his identity. After the evidence of the last witness the judge interposed, and asked the crown counsel whether he desired to press his case? Sergeant Strongbow turned to the Post-office solicitor, who, with a pinch of snuff suspended in the air, was gravely shaking his head, when several of the jury expressed themselves satisfied that the witnesses for the prosecution were mistaken, and that the prisoner was not one of the persons who had committed the robbery. Whereupon a verdict of acquittal was recorded, and with a smiling face and a bow to the court Mr. Tom Partridge walked out of the dock a free man.

Some two years after this trial, which gave rise to a vast amount of wonder as to how the Government could have been so mistaken as to prosecute an innocent man, the Post-office solicitor, wending his way quietly along Bishop-gate Street to catch the Norwood coach at the Flower-Pot Inn, was brushed against by a man going into a public house, and, looking up, saw that the man was Tom Partridge. Now, in Mr. Solicitor's leisure moments, which were few enough, he had often thought of Tom Partridge, and had puzzled his brain ineffectually for a solution of Tom Partridge's mystery. So now, having a few minutes to spare, he first satisfied himself that the man who had brushed against him was the veritable Tom, and then crossed the street and took a careful survey of the public house into which Tom had vanished. As he stood looking up at the house Tom came out of the street door, looked up, and called "Hi!" whereupon from an upper window of the house appeared the head and shoulders of another Tom, an exact reproduction of the original Tom, middle-sized, stoutly built, with a queer humorous face lighted by a twinkling arch blue eye. Mr. Solicitor rubbed his eyes and took a stinging pinch of snuff; but when he looked again there were the two Tom Partridges, exactly alike, one on the pavement in the street, the other looking out of the third floor window. Then both disappeared into the house, whence presently emerging both by the street door, one pointed to some distant object and the other started off up the street, the first returning into the public house, each so exactly like the other that, when they separated, they looked like halves of one body.

Mr. Solicitor took a short joyous pinch, rubbed his hands slowly, and went off to the Flower-Pot Inn. That evening he had several extra glasses of a peculiarly fine brown sherry which he only drank on special occasions, and Mrs. Solicitor remarked to the Misses Solicitor that she thought father must have had a very good case on somewhere, he was in such spirits. Next morning Mr. Solicitor was closeted for half an hour with one of the heads of the Post-office department who had the official conduct of criminal cases, and shortly afterward a confidential messenger was dispatched with a letter to William Lexden—otherwise known as Conkey Lexden, otherwise as Bill the Nobbler, otherwise as sundry and divers flash personages.

That evening Mr. La Trappe, of the General Post-office, sat in the study of his private house in Brunswick Square. On the desk before him stood his dispatch-box, a cutting from a newspaper, a lawyer's brief with some official tape-tied papers. A case-bottle of brandy, a tumbler, and a water-bottle, stood on the corner of the desk. As the clock struck eight the servant entered and announced "a man." The man being admitted, proved very velveteeny, slightly stably, ... very bashful.

"Sit down, Lexden," said Mr. La Trappe, pointing to a chair. "I sent for you, because I discovered that the last time you were here you left something behind you—"

"The devil!" burst out Mr. Lexden.

"Oh, don't fear!" said Mr. La Trappe, smiling gently, and looking at him with a peculiar glance, "it was only this letter! You needn't open it; you'll find it all right."

Mr. Lexden took the letter with some misgiving; then a light gradually dawning on him he crumpled it softly in his palm; a responsive crinkling of crisp inclosure fell upon his ear, and he chuckled as he said, "All right, Sir! I'm fly!"

"Mix yourself a glass of grog, Lexden," said Mr. La Trappe, pointing to the case-bottle. "You've entirely left the profession, I believe?"

"Entirely, Sir."

"And are leading an honest life?"

"Reg'lar slap up 'spectable mechanic," said Lexden.

"I want a little information from you; it can't hurt any body, as the affair is by-gone and blown. Do you recollect the robbery of the Dover mail?"

"*I* should think so," said Lexden, grinning very much.

"Ah!" said Mr. La Trappe. "We tried a man named Tom Partridge for it, and he was acquitted on an alibi. He did it, of course?"

"Of course," said Lexden.

"Ah!" said Mr. La Trappe again, with perfect calmness; "he has a double who went into Somerset and Devon at the same time, and worked the oracle for him?"

"Well! How *did* you find that out?"

"Never mind, Lexden, how I found it out. What I want to know is—who is the double?"

"Tom Partridge's brother—old Sam, one year older nor Tom, and as like him as two peas. It was the best rig o' the sort as ever was rigged. Old Sam had been out in Ameriky all his life, and when he first came back, every one was talking about his likeness to Tom; you couldn't know 'em apart. Fiddy, the fence, thought something might be made of this, and he planned the whole job—the egg-hot, and the cream, the tins, and the horse what he bought. Tom's got that horse now, to drive in his shay-cart on Sundays, and he calls him 'Walker.'"

"Walker!" said Mr. La Trappe; "what does he call him Walker for?"

"Walker's a slang name for a postman," explained Mr. Lexden, in great delight. "Worn't it per-rime?"

"Oh!" said Mr. La Trappe, with great gravity, "I perceive. One more question, Lexden; how was the robbery effected? The interior of the portmanteau could not have been cut unless it had been unbuckled and the compartments thrown open, and they could not possibly have done all that on the top of the coach. Besides, the guard stated he had fastened it in a very peculiar manner at Dover, and that the fastenings were in exactly the same state when he opened it in London."

"Ah! That was the best game of the lot," said Mr. Lexden. "The job was done while the portmanteau was in the agent's office at Dover, and where it lay from three o'clock on Sunday arternoon till between seven and eight in the evening. Tom Partridge and his pal they opened the street door with a skeleton key, there was no one there, and they had plenty of time to work it."

"And Tom Partridge's pal was—?"

"Ah, that I can't say," said Mr. Lexden, looking straight into the air. "I never heard tell o' *his* name."

"Thanks, Lexden, that'll do," said Mr. La Trappe, rising. "Good-night! You've done no harm. I shall know where to find you if ever I want you again." *

About a twelvemonth afterward that slap up respectable mechanic, Mr. William Lexden, was hanged for horse-stealing. Just before his execution he sent for Mr. La Trappe, and confessed that *he* had been Tom Partridge's accomplice in the robbery of the Dover mail. Mr. La Trappe thanked him for the information, but bore it like a man who could bear a surprise.

"NO CHANGE!"

I'm standing by the little school,
Where I stood five long years ago—
Five years—ay, more! for then the snow
Lay gleaming in the light of yule.
The gray old church across the way
Had sunset-fires upon its panes—
The Parsonage, so bare to-day,
Was garlanded with holly-chains.

Ah! let me see, in this old room
That night there was a "fancy fair"—
Gay lights had eaten up the gloom
That lived in cobwebb'd corners there;
Gay stalls were planted on each side
Loaded with many curious things,
And Charity, the gentle-eyed,
Of course looked on with outspread wings!

I know that many a goddess seemed
That night behind the stalls to stand;
I know that while I looked I dreamed
It was the old, old fairy-land!
Though certainly it did seem strange
That goddesses should come to earth
To sell small caps for twice their worth,
And, when you paid them, give no change!

I think the object of the thing
Was the extension of a wall,
Or building on the school a wing,
To shelter and to *form* the small.
I know, whate'er it was, 'twas good,
And when a sweet young curate came,
And led me on to where there stood
A lady whom "I dare not name,"

And tempted me, young curate-wise,
To buy a dress—a little one:
I turned and only saw her eyes—
She gave no "change"—I wanted none!
Oh! curate with the sunny hair,
And looks so wickedly demure,
You could not guess what form should wear
That little garment, I am sure.

Was it her palm's electric touch
That thrilled me as I gave the gold—
So soft and velvety—as such
Young palms are ever? Was I bold
To glide behind the little stall,
And help to sell her dainty wares?
"Without reserve" we sold them all;
The "sacrifice," of course, in shares.

And when they brought a cup of tea,
'Twas *her* refreshment, and 'twas *mine*—
I took the cup, the saucer she:
'Twas Congou (bad), it seemed like wine.
Oh! dream of other days (ah! when
Shall *we not dream?*)—there stands a crowd
Of babbling imps where she stood then,
And cobwebs half the window shroud.

I've said the "cause" I can not tell
For which those pretty things were made,
For which white fingers worked so well,
In mysteries of beads and braid.
I know it *did not fail*—the tall
Young curate said so. I, for one,
Gained, at that dear old corner stall,
Love without change—I wanted none!

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

We publish on page 705 an illustration of the war in Southern Tennessee, from a sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. It represents

A TROOP TRAIN IN THE BIG CUT IN THE ROCKS, ON THE NASHVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD.

Mr. Davis writes:

"Chattanooga, *October* 12.

"*En route* for the army, I found on reaching Louisville that no pass could be obtained to reach this place; and had it not been for Colonel Thomas A. Scott, who has had charge of the late transportation of troops, and who gave me a place upon a troop train, a rather lengthy stay at Louisville would have been my lot.

"The scenery upon the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad is in many places grand. The sketch will give some idea of the magnitude of some of the cuts through rock and mountain.

"One of the regiments on board the train (the Thirty-third New Jersey) seemed to be a particularly jolly one, for as the train went slowly climbing among the mountains they sang, hurrahed, and shouted. The favorite song seemed to be, 'Oh, Rosecrans, he is the man,' etc. I think they sang it to nearly every picket on the road, the picket returning his thanks in a yell peculiar to our Western soldiers, and one to which the ears of many a rebel has tingled."

OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.

On page 708 we reproduce an admirable photograph by Brady, representing our Russian visitors, Admiral Lesoffski and the Captains of his Fleet. They are all sturdy-looking men, perfect gentlemen, and as accomplished in letters and science as they are skillful in their profession. Private individuals, cities, and public bodies are vying with each other to do them honor. For the noble attitude of Russia in abstaining from interference in our war has touched the heart of every American and filled it with gratitude. Brady's photograph is, as usual, a success.

THE BLOCKADE AT WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

On page 716 we give an illustration, from a sketch by Mr. Rogers, of the navy, of the Rebel Batteries at New Inlet, Wilmington, North Carolina, which is now the principal port at which the blockade is being run. Mr. Rogers writes:

October 19, 1863.

Having recently returned in the United States steam-sloop *Iroquois* from an eight months' blockade of New Inlet, North Carolina, I take the liberty of handing you herewith, for publication in your valued *Weekly* (should you deem them of sufficient interest), sketches of the rebel defenses at that point, and of the "Mound Battery" in its first and more advanced stages of construction.

The late brilliant operations of our army and navy at Charleston having turned the tide of blockade-runners from that port to Wilmington, the latter has consequently become a point of much interest in the area of the great rebellion. This interest will doubtless be considerably increased upon the capture of Charleston, when it is to be hoped the attention of Government will be directed to the reduction and occupation of Forts Caswell and Fisher, and contiguous works.

No port on the Southern coast offers better facilities and protection to the blockade-runner than that of Wilmington. The two entrances—Western Bar, to the westward, and New Inlet, to the northward of Smith's Island—give him a decided advantage in privilege of selection, and render two blockading squadrons as necessary as if there were so many widely-separated ports to guard. Though the direct distance from Fort Fisher to Fort Caswell is but seven miles, to reach one point from the other with a vessel it is necessary to traverse a distance of about sixty miles around Smith's Island and Frying-Pan Shoals. The coast for some distance on either side of New Inlet trends nearly due north and south, and presents no curve to shorten and concentrate the blockading line. The bar, which at most other points is two miles or more from the nearest batteries, is here but one mile from Fort Fisher, and within easy range of all the rebel guns. Deep water can be carried to within a few rods of the beach close to which the blockade-breakers usually run, in the shadow of the dense pine woods.

There are eight batteries at New Inlet, mounting in the aggregate about sixty guns, which completely cover the bar and its approaches. The guns are of the heaviest calibre and longest range, many of them being the celebrated Whitworth patent. In addition to the above there are several other batteries, extending at intervals for six or eight miles along the coast to the northward of Fort Fisher.

The "Mound Battery" is eighty feet high, composed of sand, bushes, and marsh mud, carried to the top in cars up an inclined railway by means of a stationary engine at the base. At the time of our departure from the Inlet, on the 24th ultimo, two heavy guns had been placed in position on the top, and preparations were going forward for mounting more. The object of this battery is evidently to throw plunging shot on the decks of attacking vessels.

Fort Fisher is a strong and extensive earth-work on the site of the old Light-house, and mounts forty guns in casemate and barbette.

The other batteries mount from two to four heavy guns each, and are composed of sand and provided with bomb-proofs.

A line of submarine obstructions, consisting of cribs of heavy timber with bars of iron projecting at an outward angle and torpedoes, stretches across the channel opposite the "Mound Battery;" while another similar line subtends Cape Fear River, on the inside of the point and just below Fort St. Philip, a strong fortification on the west bank, some four or five miles north of the Inlet.

The vessels engaged in violating the Wilmington blockade are as fast as England can produce, and generally built for the purpose. They sit low on the water, have no yards, little or no rigging, and are provided with telescopic smoke-stacks and masts arranged with hinges, so as to lower upon the deck. They invariably select the darkest nights for running the gauntlet of the blockaders.

Until recently the blockade of Western Bar and New Inlet has been intrusted to an average of eight vessels only, whose stations were necessarily much farther apart than was desirable.

Notwithstanding the above adverse circumstances the record of the blockading fleet off Wilmington, from the early part of February last to the 24th ultimo, shows an aggregate of eight steamers and quite as many sailing-vessels either captured or destroyed while in the act of violating the blockade.

Within the last six weeks several fast and otherwise efficient steamers have been added to the fleet off Wilmington, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the consequent increased risk of capture will curtail to a great extent (if not effectually stop) a traffic that has hitherto been so profitable to *neutral* Englishmen, and brought so much material aid and comfort to our rebels.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
James S. Rogers,
Late Sec. of New Inlet Division of N. A. B. Squadron.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote considerable space this week to illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. On pages 712 and 713 will be found a picture of the

BATTLE OF BRISTOE'S STATION.

Mr. Waud writes: "General Warren was attacked by the rebels, already in position on the hills on the opposite side of the railroad. The attack was made on his flank, while marching in the rear of the army. The advantage thus gained by the enemy was of little use to them. General Warren put his troops at once in the best position for a fight, the railroad embankment forming a perfect rifle-pit. On a hill in his rear Arnold's battery held a commanding position behind General Webb's brigade—seen beyond the wind-mill pump, in front of a deserted camp. In the foreground is Hazard's Battery B, Rhode Island artillery, which, though much exposed, did excellent service. The two horses in front were killed by one ball. Broad Run passes under the railroad at a point between the hill where Arnold took position and the trees this side of it. The result of the battle was the capture of five guns, two battle-flags, and 450 prisoners, and the killing and wounding of 1200 men, besides the demoralizing influence of the affair on the minds of the men, who were led to regard the capture of our train as certain. Our loss was about 200, a large proportion being wounded."

On the same pages we illustrate the Burning of the Bridge over the Rappahannock, and the Stragglers wading the Stream after the bridge had been burnt. Mr. Waud writes:

"This bridge was destroyed on Tuesday, the 13th of October, to prevent the rebels bringing up supplies by railroad after we evacuated the line of the Rappahannock River. Of course it could be rebuilt, but that would take a week at least. After it was set on fire a number of stragglers came up, and had to wade over at the dam just above the bridge. It is astonishing that men will loaf in the rear of the army, and thereby risk a long and hungry march into Richmond, and a still longer and a loathsome captivity."

On page 716 will be found another illustration, which depicts the Defensive Works at the bridge over the Rappahannock. Mr. Waud writes:

"This point, alternately held by both armies, and the scene of many skirmishes and military movements, is again in our possession. Lee, foiled in his intended movement, has declined Meade's offer of battle, and sullenly has retired, having torn up and destroyed the railroad track, to finish the destruction which we commenced by burning the bridge. The smoke in the picture shows the position of the bridge, under the crest of the hill. The fort on the other side of the river was built to defend it from attack in that direction, the bank on this side being crowned with similar works and a line of rifle-pits for some distance up and down the river. The dark-red earth of which these field-works are made gives a gloomy aspect to them, in great contrast to the beautiful autumn foliage above which they erect their frowning crests."

Some of the more humorous scenes of camp-life are portrayed on page 717. One of them, from a sketch made before the provost marshal's arrangements were as complete as they now are, shows us a group of gamblers and thieves waylaying officers off duty. At one time it was the boast of the gamblers that they were more interested than any other class in the community in getting the troops paid off, as the bulk of the greenbacks, sooner or later, fell into their hands. The other picture is described on page 717.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Worth Trying.—A dashing and fashionable widow says she thinks of suing some gentleman for a breach of promise, so that the world may know she is in the market.

Mathews was always sprucely dressed, and fond of a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly in his habits. He was generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton parachute. After Munden had left the stage Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden.

"Ah, Munden," said Mathews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer."

"Certainly, my boy," replied Joe Munden; "we'll exchange umbrellas."

Mathews was so taken by storm that Munden walked off with a new umbrella.

Dropping the Voice.—During a rehearsal Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was the conductor, "Now, Tom, keep quiet piano here, because just at this part, to give effect, I intend dropping my voice." "Do you, by the powers!" said Tom; "whereabouts? for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up."

He who has a heart for his lesson will soon have his lesson by heart.

What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow?—One skims the milk, and the other skims the water.

The Ring.—Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery. Married people may best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

To Curiosity Vendors.—Wanted, a key to open a lock of hair; a pin to fasten the tie of friendship; a cement for repairing broken vows; and a lacquer for brightening clouded prospects.

Burton once went to a London theatre to see a new piece played for the first time, and, being "near-sighted," preferred going into the pit, so made for that portion of the "Auditorium," when to his surprise (for he thought he was nearly the first there) he discovered several persons seated in front of him occupying the most prominent seats. Shortly after the first act he went out, and seeing the money-taker in his place, said to him, "You told me I was the first who had paid!" "So you was," said the man. "Then, who are all those who were already seated in front when I went in?" added Burton. "Oh them," continued the matter-o'-fact money-taker, "they did not pay; we never charges that lot nothink—they're the '*Applause*' that always goes in first!"

Jekyll was told that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "floating on his watery bier."

In one of our Western towns they passed an ordinance forbidding taverns to sell liquors on the Sabbath to any person except travelers. The next Sunday every man in the town was seen walking about with a portmanteau in one hand and a pair of saddle-bags in the other.

A celebrated comedian arranged with his green-grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was done. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the green-grocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say, here's a pretty *mull*, Berry; you have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry; but you need not look *black*, Berry, for I don't care a *straw*, Berry; and I sha'n't pay you till *Christmas*, Berry!"

Two ragged little urchins, whose parents paid more attention to the bottle than to the training of their children, were in the habit of seriously annoying their neighbors who lived close by with their noise while at play in front of their house. One day the lady of the house came to the door, and told them to be quiet or go home immediately. "Jist hear she a-orderin' we," said one of the children to the other, "when us don't belong to she!"

They say there is truth in wine; but a drunken man can't be expected to tell the sober truth.

People sometimes undertake to go ahead, and find they can't go a single foot.

Queries.—Somebody wants to know the name of the tune which was "played upon the feelings," and also if the "cup of sorrow" has a saucer. The same inquisitor would like to know if "the light of other days" was gas or electricity. Also if the girl who "clung to hope" had not a slippery hold, and if people do not get fatigued by "the exercise of forbearance."

Mr. Noggs, speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says, "While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

A lady was once declaring that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she. "I didn't know that," exclaimed a gentleman; "there's my father who smokes every blessed day, and he's now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty by this time."

This is the style in which the fair ones in some parts of England convey the hint to backward swains: "Why don't you get married?" said a young lady, the other day, to a bachelor friend, who was on a visit. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "Then you haven't been down our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

Madame Boivin for two years had vainly tried to get her pay for two dozen of cravats which Mr. L., a young fop, suspected of living a little at the expense of confiding tradesmen, had bought of her. At last she sent her bill, couched in these terms: "Mr. L., Dr. to two dozen of fancy satin gens d'armes." "What does this mean?" asked Mr. L. "What are satin gens d'armes?" "They are doubtless your cravats," was the reply, "because they take a thief by the throat every morning."

When Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, "God with us;" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

At Bristol a magistrate asked a prisoner if he were married. "No," replied the man. "Then," rejoined his worship, amidst peals of laughter, "it's a good thing for your wife."

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Dover to Calais, when a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom. "Why," observed the wit, "that will suit your genius to the letter; as for me, you know I am only for skimming the surface of things."

Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman?—Because it has a stern duty to perform.

A prince, rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many embassies, said he looked like an ox. "I know not," said the courtier, "what I am like; but I know that I often had the honor to represent your Majesty."

A Dutchman's heart-rending soliloquy is described thus: "She lofes Shon Mickle so petter as I, because he has cot a koople tollars more as I has."

A sick cobbler must be regarded as being well when he begins to *mend*.

A Bachelor's Idea of Wedlock.—One of the casualties of life.

Sea-side Note.—The desire for bathing is a very wishy-washy sentiment.

There's no use in your ever taking a lazy man to *task*. He won't perform it if you do.

What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up?—A hint.

It is perfectly natural that physicians generally should have a greater horror of the sea than any body else—because they are more likely to see sickness.

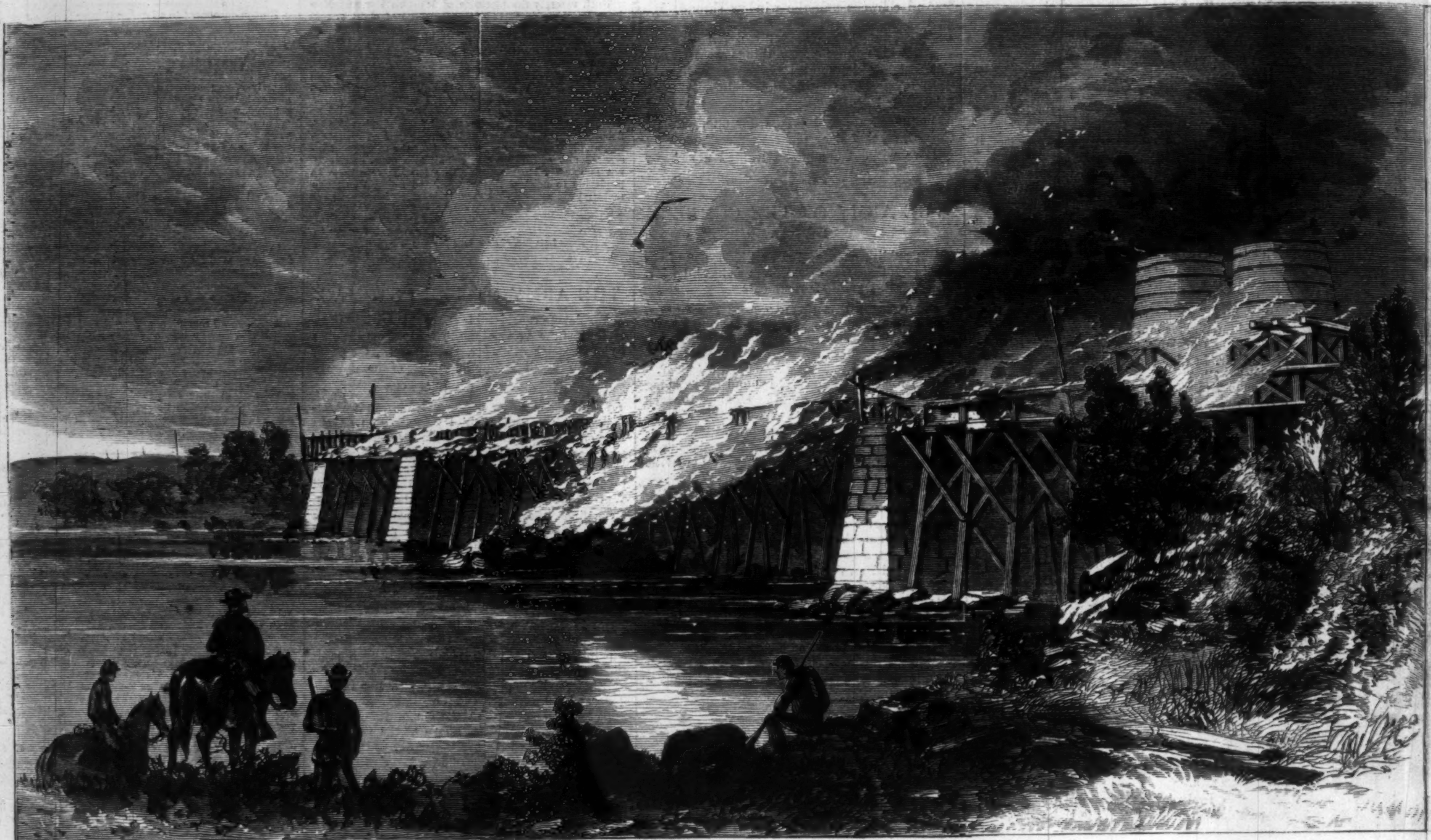
"I can't reconcile differences," said Septimus Hardup. "For instance, there is nothing more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less certain than dinner."

Johnny remarked to his grandmother that old Mrs. Cranshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well, really, upon my word," said the antique lady, "I thought I noticed she walked a leetle lame lately."

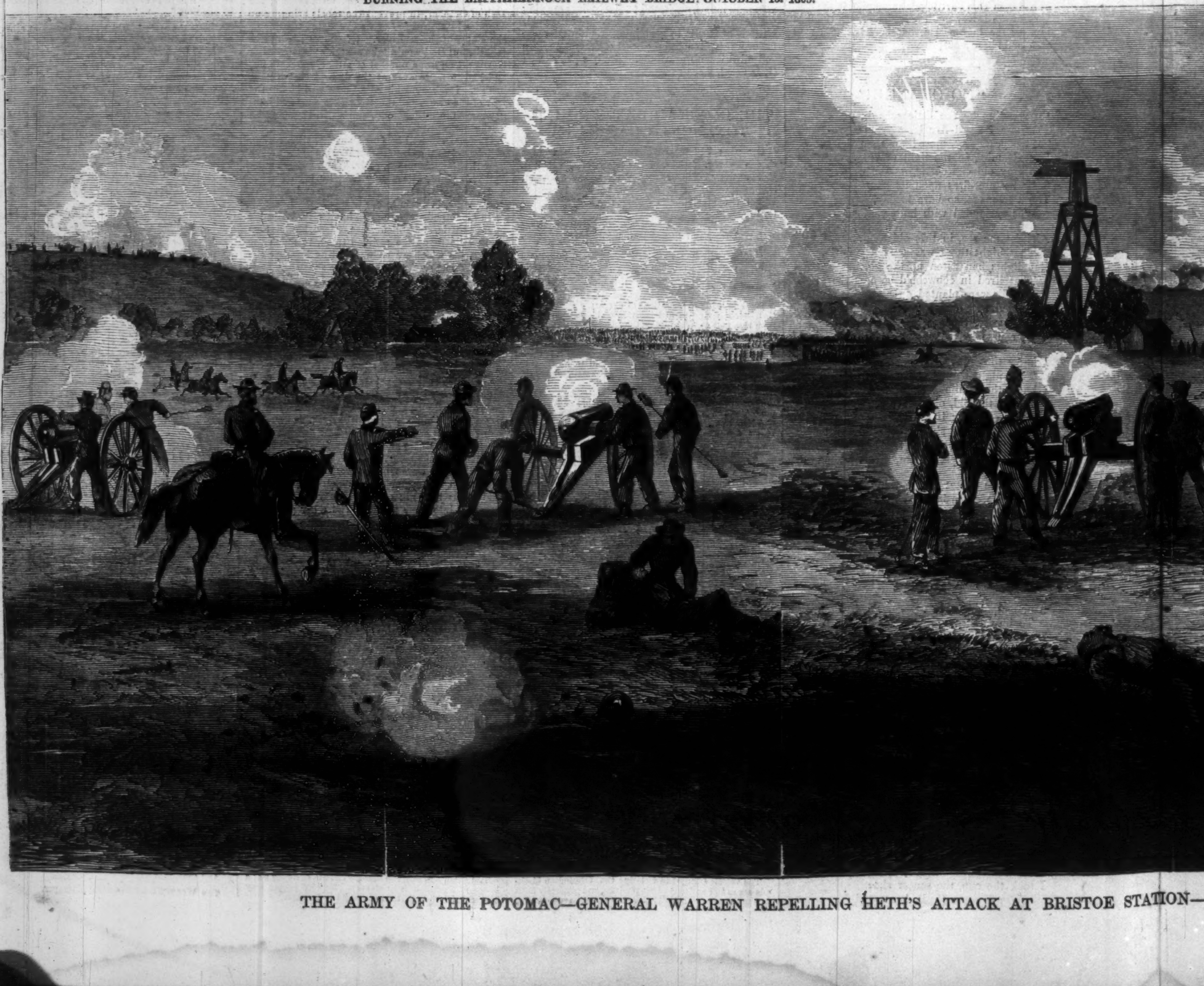
The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper has been trying to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

The Best Thing Out.—Out of debt.

The Worst Thing Out.—Out of temper.

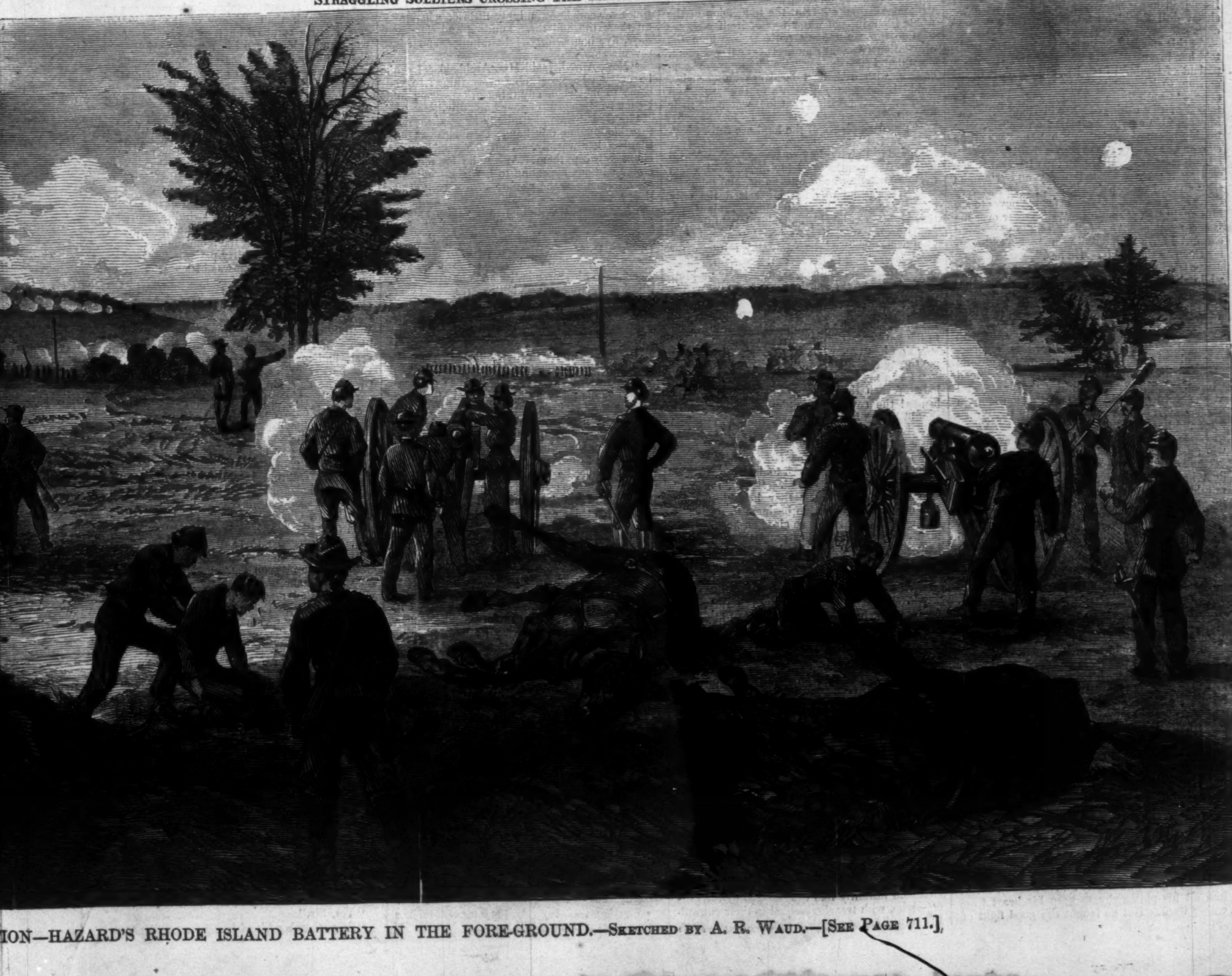


BURNING THE RAPPAHANNOCK RAILWAY BRIDGE, OCTOBER 13, 1863.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL WARREN REPELLING HETH'S ATTACK AT BRISTOE STATION—

STRAGGLING SOLDIERS CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK ABOVE THE BURNED BRIDGE.



ION—HAZARD'S RHODE ISLAND BATTERY IN THE FORE-GROUND.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 711.]

THREADS.

THE metal sleeps in its hidden vein,
The blue-eyed flax waves over the plain,
The silk-worm spins on the mulberry leaf,
Days are spinning their joy and grief.

Threads are a-twining, manifold,
Of flax, hemp, cotton, and silk, and gold;
For joyous Beauty, for Soldier proud,
For work-dress, cable, halter, and shroud.

From fields of sense, and minds of thought,
Threads of life are twisted and wrought:
We are weaving Character, weaving Fate,
And Human History, little and great.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON Alfred's leaving Silverton, Mrs. Archbold was prostrated. It was a stunning blow to her young passion, and left her weary, desolate.

But she was too strong to lie helpless under disappointed longings. Two days she sat stupefied with the heartache; after that she bustled about her work in a fervor of half-crazy restlessness, and ungovernable irritability, quenched at times by fits of weeping. As she wept apart, but raged and tyrannized in public, she soon made Silverton House Silverton Oven, especially to those who had the luck to be of her sex. Then Baker timidly remonstrated: at the first word she snapped him up and said a change would be good for both of them: he apologized; in vain: that very day she closed by letter with Dr. Wolf, who had often invited her to be his "Matron." Her motive, half hidden from herself, was to be any where near her favorite.

Installed at Drayton House, she waited some days, and coquetted woman-like with her own desires, then dressed neatly, but soberly, and called at Dr. Wycherley's; sent in a note explaining who she was, with a bit of soft sawder, and asked to see Alfred.

She was politely but peremptorily refused. She felt this rebuff bitterly. She went home stung and tingling to the core. But Bitters wholesome be: offended pride now allied with strong good sense to wither a wild affection; and, as it was no longer fed by the presence of its object, her wound healed, all but the occasional dull throbbing that precedes a perfect cure.

At this stage of her convalescence Dr. Wolf told her in an off-hand way that Mr. Hardie, a patient of doubtful insanity, was coming to his asylum, to be kept there by hook or by crook. (She was entirely in Wolf's confidence, and he talked of these things to her in English.) The impenetrable creature assented outwardly, with no sign of emotion whatever, but one flash of the eye, and one heave of the bosom swiftly suppressed. She waited calmly and patiently till she was alone; then yielded to joy and triumph; they seemed to leap inside her. But this very thing alarmed her. "Better for me never to see him again," she thought. "His power over me is too terrible. Ah, good-by to the peace and comfort I have been building up! He will scatter them to the winds. He has."

She tried not to think of him too much. And, while she was so struggling, Wolf let out that Alfred was to have morphia at dinner the first day; morphia, the accursed drug with which these dark men in these dark places coax the reason away out of the head by degrees, or with a potent dose stupefy the victim, then act surprise, alarm; and make his stupor the ground for applying medical treatment to the doomed wretch. Edith Archbold knew the game, and at the word morphia Pity and Passion rose in her bosom irresistible. She smiled in Dr. Wolf's face, and hated him; and secretly girt herself up to baffle him, and protect Alfred's reason, and win his heart through his gratitude.

She deceived him as I have related, to throw dust in Dr. Wolf's eyes: but she acted so admirably that some went into Alfred's. "Ah," thought he, "she is angry with herself for her amorous folly; and, with the justice of her sex, she means to spite poor me for it." He sighed; for he felt her hostility would be fatal to him. To give her no fresh offense, he fell into her manner, and treated her with a world of distant respect. Then again, who else but she could have warned him against poison? Then again, if so, why look so cold and stern at him? He cast one or two wistful glances at her; but the artful woman of thirty was impenetrable in public to the candid man of twenty-one. Even her passion could not put them on an equality.

That night he could not sleep. He lay wondering what would be the next foul practice, and how he should parry it.

He wrote next morning to the Commissioners that two of their number, unacquainted with the previous proceedings of the Board, had been surprised into indorsing an order of transfer to an asylum bearing a very inferior character to Dr. Wycherley's; the object of this was clearly foul play. Accordingly, Dr. Wolf had already tried to poison his reason by drugging his beer at dinner. He added that Dr. Wycherley had now signed a certificate of his sanity, and implored the Board to inspect it, and discharge him at once, or else let a solicitor visit him at once, and take the requisite steps toward a public inquiry.

While waiting anxiously for the answer, it cost him all his philosophy to keep his heart from eating itself. But he fought the good fight of Reason: he invited the confidences of the quieter mad people, and established a little court, and heard their grievances, and by impartial decisions and good humor won the regard of the moderate patients, and of the attendants, all but three; Rooke, the head-keeper, a morose burly ruffian; Hayes, a bilious subordinate, Rooke's shadow; and Vulcan, a huge mastiff that would let nobody but Rooke touch him; he was big as a large calf, and formidable as a small lion, though nearly toothless with age. He was let loose in the yard at night, and was an element in the Restraint System; many a patient would have tried to escape but for Vulcan. He was also an invaluable howler at night, and so co-operated with Dr. Wolf's bugs and fleas to avert sleep, that vile foe to insanity and all our diseases, private asylums included.

Alfred treated Mrs. Archbold with a distant respect that tried her hard. But that able woman wore sweetness and unobtrusive kindness, and bided her time. At last he gave her an opportunity, and it will be seen whether she took it.

In Drayton House the keeperesses eclipsed the keepers in cruelty to the poorer patients. No men except Dr. Wolf and his assistant had a pass-key into their department, so there was nobody they could deceive, nobody they held worth the trouble. In the absence of male critics they showed their real selves, and how wise it is to trust that gentle sex in the dark with irresponsible power over females. With unflagging patience they applied the hourly torture of petty insolence, needless humiliation, unreasonable refusals, to the poor mad women; bored them with the poisoned gimlet, and made their hearts bleeding pin-cushions. But minute cruelty and petty caprice were not enough for them, though these never tired nor rested; they must vilify them too with degrading and savage names. Billingsgate might have gone to school to Drayton House. Inter alia they seemed in love with a term that Othello hit upon; only they used it not once, but fifty times a day, and struck decent women with it on the face, like a scorpion whip; and then the scalding tears were sure to run in torrents adown their silly, honest, burning cheeks. But this was not all; they had got a large tank in a flagged room, nominally for cleanliness and cure, but really for bane and torture. For the least offense, or out of mere wantonness, they would drag a patient stark naked across the yard, and thrust her bodily under the water again and again, keeping her down till almost gone with suffocation, and dismissing her more dead than alive with obscene and insulting comments ringing in her ears, to get warm again in the cold. This my ladies called "tanking."

In the ordinary morning ablutions they tanked without suffocating. But the immersion of the whole body in cold water was of itself a severe trial to those numerous patients in whom the circulation was weak; and, as medical treatment, hurtful and even dangerous. Finally these keeperesses, with diabolical insolence and cruelty, would bathe twenty patients in this tank, and then make them drink that foul water for their meals.

"The dark places of the land are full of horrible cruelty."

One day they tanked so savagely that Nurse Eliza, after months of sickly disapproval, came to the new redresser of grievances, and told.

What was he to do? He seized the only chance of redress; he ran panting with indignation to Mrs. Archbold, and blushing high, said imploringly, "Oh, Mrs. Archbold, you used to be kind-hearted—" and he could say no more for something rising in his throat.

Mrs. Archbold smiled encouragingly on him, and said softly, "I am the same I always was—to you, Alfred."

"Oh, thank you; then pray send for Nurse Eliza, and hear the cruelties that are being done to the patients within a yard of us."

"You had better tell me yourself, if you want me to pay any attention."

"I can't. I don't know how to speak to a lady of such things as are done here. The brutes! the cowardly she-devils! Oh, how I should like to kill them!"

Mrs. Archbold laughed a little at his enthusiasm (fancy caring so what was done to a pack of women), and sent for Nurse Eliza. She came, and being questioned, told Mrs. Archbold more than she had Alfred. "And, ma'am," said she, whimpering, "they have just been tanking one they had no business to touch; it is Mrs. Dale, her that is so close on her confinement. They tanked her cruel they did, and kept her under water till she was nigh gone. Ma'am, I saw the baby under her skin struggling at them using its poor mother so barbarous. I came away; I couldn't stand it."

Alfred was walking about in a fury, and Nurse Eliza, in making this last revolting communication, lowered her voice for him not to hear; but his senses were quick. I think he heard, for he turned and came quickly to them.

"Mrs. Archbold, you are strong and brave—for a woman; oh, do go in to them and take them by the throat and shake the life out of them, the merciless, cowardly beasts! Oh that I could be a woman for an hour, or they could be men, I'd soon have my foot on some of the wretches."

Mrs. Archbold acted Ignition. "Come with me both of you," she said, and they were soon in the female department. Up came keeperesses directly, smirking and courtesying to her, and pretending not to look at Adonis. "Which of you nurses tanked Mrs. Dale?" said she, sternly.

"'Twasn't I, ma'am, 'twasn't I."

"Oh fie!" said Eliza to one, "you know you were at the head of it."

She pointed out two as the leaders. The Archbold instantly had them seized by the others—who, with treachery equal to their cowardice, turned eagerly against their fellow-culprits, to make friends with Power—and inviting all the sensible maniacs who had been tanked to assist or inspect, she bared her own statuesque arms, and, ably aided, soon plunged the offenders, screaming, crying, and whining, like spaniel bitches whipped, under the dirty water. They swallowed some, and appreciated their own acts. Then she forced them to walk twice round the yard with their wet clothes clinging to them, hooted by the late victims.

"There," said Alfred, "let that teach you men will not own hyenas in petticoats for women."

Poor Alfred took all the credit of this performance; but, in fact, when the Archbold invited him to bear a hand he showed the white feather.

"*I* won't touch the blackguardesses," said he, haughtily, turning it off on the score of contempt. "*You* give it them! Again! again! Brava!"

Mosaic retribution completed, Mrs. Archbold told the nurses if ever "tanking" recurred she would bundle the whole female staff into the street, and then have them indicted by the Commissioners.

These virtuous acts did Edith Archbold for love for a young man. Whether mad women or sane women, pregnant, or the reverse, were tanked or not, she cared at heart no more than whether sheep were washed or no in Ettrick's distant dale. She was retiring with a tender look at Alfred, and her pulse secretly unaccelerated by sheep-washing of she-wolves, when her grateful favorite appealed to her again:

"Dear Mrs. Archbold, shall we punish and not comfort? This poor Mrs. Dale!"

The Archbold could have boxed his ears. "Dear boy," she murmured, tenderly; "you teach us all our duty." She visited the tanked one, found her in a cold room after it, shivering like ague, and her teeth chattering. Mrs. Archbold had her to the fire, and got her warm clothes, and a pint of wine, and probably saved her life and her child's—for love of a young man.

Why I think Mrs. Dale would otherwise have left this shifting scene, Mrs. Carey, the last woman in her condition they tanked and then turned into a flagged cell that only wanted one frog of a grotto, was found soon after moribund; on which they bundled her out of the asylum to die. She did die next day, at home, but murdered by the asylum; and they told the Commissioners she died through her friends taking her away from the asylum too soon. The Commissioners had nothing to do but believe this, and did believe it. Inspectors, who visit a temple of darkness, lies, cunning, and hypocrisy, four times a year, know mighty little of what goes on there the odd three hundred and sixty-one days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-seven seconds.*

"Now, Alfred," said Mrs. Archbold, "I can't be every where, or know every thing; so you come to me when any thing grieves you; and let me be the agent of your humanity."

She said this so charmingly he was surprised into kissing her fair hand; then blushed, and thanked her warmly. Thus she established a chain between them. When he let too long elapse without appealing to her, she would ask his advice about the welfare of this or that patient; and so she cajoled him by the two foibles she had discerned in him—his vanity and his humanity.

Besides Alfred, there were two patients in Drayton House who had never been insane; a young man, and an old woman; of whom anon. There were also three ladies and one gentleman, who had been deranged, but had recovered years ago. This little incident, Recovery, is followed in a public asylum by instant discharge; but, in a private one, Money, not Sanity, is apt to settle the question of egress. The gentleman's case was scarce credible in the nineteenth century: years ago, being undeniably cracked, he had done what Dr. Wycherley told Alfred was a sure sign of sanity; i.e. he had declared himself insane: and had even been so reasonable as to sign his own order and certificates, and so imprison himself illegally, but with perfect ease; no remonstrance against that illegality from the guardians of the law! When he got what plain men call sane, he naturally wanted to be free, and happening to remember he alone had signed the order of imprisonment, and the imaginary doctors' certificates, he claimed his discharge from illegal confinement. Answer: "First obtain a legal order for your discharge." On this he signed an order for his discharge. "That is not a legal order." "It is as legal as the order on which I am here. Granted; but, legally or not, the asylum has *got* you; the open air has not got you. Possession is ninety-nine points of Lunacy law. Die your own illegal prisoner, and let your kinsfolk eat your land, and drink your consols, and bury you in a pauper's shroud. All that Alfred could do for these victims was to promise to try and get them out some day, D.V. But there was a weak-minded youth, Francis Beverley, who had the honor to be under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Now a lunatic or a Softy protected by that functionary is literally a lamb protected by a wolf, and that wolf ex-officio the cruelest, cunningest, old mangler and fleecer of innocents in Christendom. Chancery lunatics are the richest class, yet numbers of them are flung among pauper and even criminal lunatics, at a few pounds a year, while their committees bag four-fifths of the money that has been assigned to keep the patient in comfort.

Unfortunately the protection of the Chancellor extends to Life and Reason, as well as Fleece; with the following result:

In public asylums about forty per cent. are said to be cured.

In private ones twenty-five per cent. at least; most of them poorish.

Of Chancery Lunatics not five per cent.

Finally, one-third of all the Chancery Lunatics do every six years exchange the living tombs they are fleeced and bullied in for dead tombs, where they rest; and go from the sham protection of the Lord Chancellor of England to the real protection of their Creator and their Judge.

These statistics have been long before the world, and are dead figures to the Skimmer of things, but tell a dark tale to the Reader of things: so dark, that I pray Heaven to protect me, and all other weak inoffensive persons, from the protection of my Lord Chancellor in this kind.

Beverley was so unfortunate as to exist before the date of the above petition; and suffered the consequences.

He was an aristocrat by birth, noble on both sides of his house, and unluckily had money. But for that he would have been a laboring man, and free. My Lord Protector committed him with six hundred pounds a year maintenance money to the care of his committee, the Honorable Fynes Beverley.

Now this corporate, yet honorable, individual, to whom something was committed, and so Chancery Lane called him in its own sweet French the thing committed, was a gentleman of birth, breeding, and intelligence. He undertook to take care of his simple cousin: and what he did take care of was himself.

THE SUB-LETTING SWINDLE.

1. The Honorable Fynes Beverley, Anglo-French committee, or crown tenant, sub-let soft Francis for £300 a year, pocketed £300, and washed his hands of Frank.

2. Mr. Heselden, the sub-tenant, sub-let the Softy of high degree for £150, pocketed the surplus and washed his hands of him.

3. The £150 man sub-let him to Dr. Wolf at £60 a year, pouched the surplus, and washed his hands of him.

And now what on earth was left for poor Dr. Wolf to do? Could he sub-embezzle a Highlander's breeks? Could he subtract more than her skin from off the singed cat? Could he peel the core of a rotten apple? Could he pare a grated cheese rind? Could he flay a skinned flint? Could he fleece a hog just after Satan had shaved it as clean as a bantam's egg?

Let no man dare to limit genius; least of all the genius of extortion.

Dr. Wolf screwed comparatively more out of young Frank than did any of the preceding screws. He turned him into a servant of all work and half starved him: money profit, £45 out of the £60, or three-fourths, whereas the others had only bagged one-half. But by this means he got a good servant without wages, and on half a servant's food, clearing £22 and £12 in these two items.

Victim of our great national vice and foible, Vicariousness, this scion of a noble house, protected in theory by the crown, vicariously sub-protected by the Chancellor, sub-vicariously sub-sham-protected by his kin, was really flung unprotected into the fleece market, and might be seen—at the end of the long chain of subs, pros, vices, locos, shams, shuffles, swindles, and lies—shaking the carpets, making the beds, carrying the water, sweeping the rooms, and scouring the sordid vessels, of thirty patients in Drayton House, not one of whom was his equal either in birth or wealth; and of four menials, who were all his masters and hard ones. His work was always doing, never done. He was not the least mad nor bad, but merely of feeble intellect all round. Fifty thousand gentlemen's families would have been glad of him at £300 a year, and made a son and a brother of him. But he was under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Thin, half-starved, threadbare, out at elbows, the universal butt, scoffed at by the very lunatics, and especially ill-treated by the attendants whose work he did gratis, he was sworn at, jeered, insulted, cuffed, and even kicked, every day of his hard, hard life. And yet he was a gentleman, though a soft one; his hands, his features, his carriage, his address, had all an indefinable stamp of race. How had it outlived such crushing, degrading usage? I don't know, Charles; how does a daisy survive the iron roller? Alfred soon found him out, and, to every body's amazement, especially Frank's, remonstrated gently but resolutely and eloquently, and soon convinced the majority, sane and insane, that a creature so meek and useful merited especial kindness, not cruelty. One keeper, The Robin, alias Tom Wales, an ex-prize-fighter, was a warm convert to this view. Among the maniacs only one held out, and said contemptuously he couldn't see it.

"Well," said Alfred, "lay a finger on him after this, and I'll lay a hand on you, and aid your intellectual vision."

Rooke and Hayes treated remonstrance with open and galling contempt. Yet the tide of opinion changed so, they did not care to defy it openly: but they bullied poor Beverley now and then on the sly, and he never told. He was too inoffensive for this world. But one day, as Alfred was sitting with his door ajar, writing a letter of earnest expostulation to the Commissioners, who had left his first unanswered, he heard Hayes at the head of the stairs call roughly "Frank! Frank!"

"Sir," replied the soft little voice of young Beverley.

"Come, be quick young shaver."

"I'm coming, Sir," and up ran Beverley.

"Here take this tray down stairs."

"Yes, Sir."

"Stop, there's a bit of bread for you." And

* Arithmetic of my boyhood. I hear the world revolves some minutes quicker now.

Hayes chucked him a crust, as one throws it to another man's dog.

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Beverley, stooping down for it, and being habitually as hungry as a rat-catcher's tyke, took an eager bite in that position.

"How dare you eat it there?" said Hayes, brutally: "take it to your own crib: come, mizzle." And with that lent him a contemptuous kick behind, which, owing to his position, sent him off his balance flat on the tray; a glass broke under him; poor young Mr. Beverley uttered a cry of dismay, for he knew Hayes would not own himself the cause; Hayes cursed him for an awkward idiot, and the oath went off into a howl, for Alfred ran out at him brimful of Moses, and with a savage kick on the rump and blow on the neck administered simultaneously hurled him head foremost down the stairs. Alighting on the seventh step, he turned a somersault, and bounded like a ball on to the landing below, and there lay stupefied. He picked himself up by slow degrees, and glared round with speechless awe and amazement up at the human thunder-bolt that had shot out on him and sent him flying like a feather. He shook his fist, and limped silently away all bruises and curses, to tell Rooke, and concert vengeance. Alfred, trembling still with ire, took Beverley to his room (the boy was as white as a sheet), and encouraged him, and made him wash properly, brushed his hair, dressed him in a decent Tweed suit he had outgrown, and taking him under his arm, and walking with his own nose haughtily in the air, paraded him up and down the asylum, to show them all the best man in the house respected the poor soft gentleman. Ah what a grand thing it is to be young! Beverley clung to his protector too much like a girl, but walked gracefully and kept step, and every now and then looked up at Alfred with a loving adoration, that was sweet yet sad to see. Alfred marched him to Mrs. Archbold, and told his tale; for he knew Hayes would misrepresent it, and get him into trouble. She smiled on the pair; gently deplored her favorite's impetuosity, entreated him not to go fighting with that great monster Rooke, and charmed him by saying, "Well, and Frank *is* a gentleman, when he is dressed like one."

"Isn't he?" said Alfred, eagerly. "And whose fault is it he is not always dressed like one? Whose fault that here's an earl's nephew Boots in Hell?"

"Not yours, Alfred, nor mine," was the honeyed reply.

In vain did Mr. Hayes prefer his complaint to Dr. Wolf. The Archbold had been before him, and the answer was, "Served you right."

These and many other good deeds did Alfred Hardie in Drayton House. But, as the days rolled on, and no answer came from the Commissioners, his own anxiety, grief, and dismay left him less and less able to sympathize with the material but smaller wrongs around him. He became silent, dejected.

At last he came to Mrs. Archbold, and said, sternly, his letters to the Commissioners were intercepted.

"I can't believe that," said she. "It is against the law."

So it was: but law and custom are two.

"I am sure of it," said he: "and may the eternal curse of Heaven light on the cowardly traitor and miscreant who has done it." And he stalked gloomily away.

When he left her, she sighed at this imprecation from his lips; but did not repent. "I *can't* part with him," she said, despairingly; "and, if I did not stop his poor dear letters, Wolf would:" and the amorous crocodile shed a tear, and persisted in her double-faced course.

By-and-by, when she saw him getting thinner and paler, and his bright face downcast and inexpressibly sad, she shared his misery; ay, shed scalding tears for him; yet could not give him up; for her will was as strong as the rest of her was supple: and hers was hot love, but not true love like Julia's.

Perhaps a very subtle observer seeing this man and woman wax pale and spiritless together in one house might have divined her secret. Dr. Wolf then was no such observer, for she made him believe she had a rising penchant for him. He really had a strong one for her.

While Alfred's visible misery pulled at her heart-strings, and sometimes irritated, sometimes melted her, came curious complications; one of which requires preface.

Mrs. Dodd then was not the wife to trust blindly where her poor husband was concerned; she bribed so well that a keeperess in David's first asylum told her David had been harshly used by an attendant. She instantly got Eve Dodd to take him away: and transfer him to a small asylum nearer London, and kept by a Mrs. Ellis. "Women are not cruel to men," said the sagacious Lucy Dodd.

But, alas! if women are not cruel where sex comes in and mimics that wider sentiment Humanity, women are deadly economical. Largely gifted with that household virtue, Mrs. Ellis kept too few servants, and, sure consequence in a madhouse, too many strait-jackets, hobbles, muffs, leg-locks, body-belts, etc., etc. Hence half her patients were frequently kept out of harm's way by cruel restraints administered not out of hearty cruelty, but female parsimony. Mrs. and Miss Dodd invaded the house one day when the fair economist was out, and found seven patients out of the twelve kept out of mischief thus: one in a restraint chair, two hobbled like asses, two chained like dogs, and two in strait-waistcoats, and fastened to beds by webbing and straps; among the latter David, though quiet as a lamb.

Mrs. Dodd cried over him as if her heart would break, and made Miss Dodd shift him to a large asylum, where I believe he was very well used. But here those dreadful newspapers interfered; a prying into sweet secluded spots. They diversified Mrs. Dodd's breakfast by informing her that the doctor of this asylum had just killed a patient; the mode of execution bloodless and sure, as became fair science. It was a man between sixty and seventy; an age at which the heart can seldom stand very much shocking, or lowering, especially where the brain is diseased. So they placed him in a shower-bath, narrow enough to impede respiration, without the falling water, which of necessity drives out air. In short, a vertical box with holes all round the top.

Here the doctor ordered him a cold shower-bath of unparalleled duration; half an hour. To be followed by an unprecedented dose of tartar emetic. This double-barreled order given, the doctor went away. (Formula.)

The water was down to forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Half an hour's shower-bath at that temperature in a roomy bath would kill the youngest and strongest man in her Majesty's dominions.

For eight-and-twenty mortal minutes the poor old man stood in this vertical coffin under this cold cascade. Six hundred gallons of icy water were in that his last hour, his last half hour, discharged upon his devoted head and doomed body.

He had to be helped away from this death-torrent he had walked into in high spirits, poor soul.

Even this change awakened no misgivings, no remorse; though you or I, or any man or woman picked at hazard out of the streets, would at once have seen that he was dying, he was duly dosed by the fire with four spoonfuls of antimonial tincture—to make sicker. But even the "Destructive Art of Healing" can not slay the slain. The old man cheated the emetic; for before it could hurt him he died of the bath; and his body told its own sad tale: to use the words of a medical eye-witness, it was "A PIECE OF ALABASTER." The death-torrent had driven the whole circulation from the surface.*

Mrs. Dodd was terrified, and, in spite of Sampson's assurance that this was the asylum of all others they would not settle another patient in until the matter should have blown over, got Eve Dodd to write to Dr. Wolf, and offer £300 a year if he would take David at once, and treat him with especial consideration.

He showed this letter triumphantly to Mrs. Archbold, and she, blinded for a moment by feeling, dissuaded him from receiving Captain Dodd. He stared at her. "What, turn away a couple of thousand pounds?"

"But they will come to visit him; and perhaps see *him*."

"Oh, that can be managed. You must be on your guard: and I'll warn Rooke. I can't turn away money—on a chance."

One day Alfred found himself locked into his room. This was unusual: for, though they called him a lunatic in words, they called him sane by all their acts. He half suspected that the Commissioners were in the house.

Had he known who really was in the house, he would have beaten himself to pieces against the door.

At dinner there was a new patient, very mild and silent, with a beautiful large brown eye, like some gentle animal's.

Alfred was very much struck with this eye, and contrived to say a kind word to him after dinner. Finding himself addressed by a gentleman, the new-comer handled his forelock, and made a sea scrape, and announced himself as William Thompson; he added with simple pride, "Able Seaman;" then, touching his forelock again, "Just come aboard, your honor." After this, which came off glibly, he was any thing but communicative. However, Alfred contrived to extract from him that he was rather glad to leave his last ship, on account of having been constantly impeded there in his duties by a set of lubbers, that clung round him and kept him on deck whenever the first lieutenant ordered him into the top.

The very next day, pacing sadly the dull gravel of his prison yard, Alfred heard a row; and there was the able seaman struggling with the Robin and two other keepers: he wanted to go to his duties in the foretop: to wit, the fork of a high elm-tree in the court-yard. Alfred had half a mind not to interfere. "Who cares for *my* misery?" he said. But his better nature prevailed, and he told the Robin he was sure going up imaginary rigging would do Thompson more good than harm.

On this the men reluctantly gave him a trial, and he went up the tree with wonderful strength and agility, but evident caution. Still Alfred quaked when he crossed his thighs tight over a limb of the tree forty feet from earth, and went carefully and minutely through the whole process of furling imaginary sails. However, he came down manifestly soothed by the performance, and, singular phenomenon, he was quite cool; and it was the spectators on deck who perspired.

"And what a pleasant voice he has," said Alfred; "it quite charms my ear: it is not like a mad voice. It is like—I'm mad myself."

"And he has got a fiddle, and plays it like a hangel, by all accounts," said the Robin; "only he won't touch it but when he has a mind."

* This mode of execution is well known in the United States. They settle refractory prisoners with it periodically. But half an hour is not needed; twenty minutes will do the trick. *Harper's Weekly*, a year or two ago, contained an admirable wood-cut of a negro's execution by water. In this remarkable picture you see the poor darkey seated powerless, howling and panting his life away under the deadly cascade: and there stands the stolid turnkey, erect, formal, stiff as a ramrod, pulling the deadly string with a sort of drill exercise air, and no more compunction nor reflection than if he himself was a machine constructed to pull strings or triggers on his own string being pulled by butcher or fool. A picture well studied, and so worth study.

At night Alfred dreamed he heard Julia's sweet, mellow voice speaking to him; and he looked, and lo! it was the able seaman. He could sleep no more, but lay sighing.

Ere the able seaman had been there three days, Mrs. Dodd came unexpectedly to see him: and it was with the utmost difficulty Alfred was smuggled out of the way. Mrs. Archbold saw by her loving anxiety these visits would be frequent, and, unless Alfred was kept constantly locked up, which was repugnant to her, they would meet some day. She knew there are men who ply the trade of spies, and where to find them; she set one of them to watch Mrs. Dodd's house, and learn her habits, in hopes of getting some clew as to when she might be expected.

Now it so happened that looking for one thing she found another, which gave her great hopes and courage. And then the sight of Alfred's misery tried her patience, and then he was beginning half to suspect her of stopping his letters. Passion, impatience, pity, and calculation, all drove her the same road, and led to an extraordinary scene, so impregnated with the genius of the mad-house—a place where the passions run out to the very end of their tether—that I feel little able to describe it; I will try and indicate it.

One fine Sunday afternoon then she asked Alfred languidly would he like to walk in the country.

"Would I like? Ah, don't trifle with a prisoner," said he, sorrowfully.

She shook her head. "No, no, it will not be a happy walk; Rooke, who hates you, is to follow us with that terrible mastiff, to pull you down if you try to escape. I could not get Dr. Wolf to consent on any other terms; Alfred, let us give up the idea. I fear your rashness."

"No, no, I won't try to escape—from you. I have not seen a blade of grass this six months."

The accomplished dissembler hesitated, yielded. They passed through the yard and out at the back door, which Alfred had so often looked wistfully at; and by-and-by reached a delicious pasture; a light golden haze streamed across it; Nature never seemed so sweet, so divine, to Alfred before; the sun as bright as mid-summer, though not the least hot, the air fresh, yet genial, and perfumed with Liberty and the smaller flowers of earth; Beauty glided rustling by his side, and dark eyes subdued their native fire into softness whenever they turned on him; and scarce fifty yards in the rear hung a bully and a mastiff ready to tear him down if he should break away from beauty's light hand, that rested so timidly on his. He was young, and stout-hearted, and relished his peep of liberty and nature, though blotted by Vulcan and Rooke. He chatted to Mrs. Archbold in good spirits. She answered briefly, and listlessly.

At last she stopped under a young chestnut-tree as if overcome with a sudden reflection, and turning half away from him leaned her head and hand upon a bough and sighed. The attitude was pensive and womanly. He asked her with innocent concern what was the matter; then faintly, should he take her home. All her answer was to press his hand with hers that was disengaged, and, instead of sighing, to cry.

The novice in woman's wiles set himself to comfort her—in vain: to question her—in vain at first, but by degrees she allowed him to learn that it was for him she mourned; and so they proceeded on the old, old plan, the man extorting from the woman bit by bit just so much as she wanted all along to say, and would have poured in a stream if let quite alone.

He drew from his distressed friend that Dr. Wolf for reasons of his own had made special inquiries about the Dodds; that she had fortunately or unfortunately heard of this, and had questioned the person employed, hoping to hear something that might comfort Alfred. "Instead of that," said she, "I find Miss Dodd is like most girls; out of sight is out of mind with her."

"What do you mean?" said Alfred, trembling suddenly.

"Do not ask me. What a weak fool I was to let you see I was unhappy for you."

"The truth is the truth," gasped Alfred: "tell me at once."

"Must I? I am afraid you will hate me; for I should hate any one who told me your faults. Well, then—if I must—Miss Dodd has a beau."

"It is a lie!" cried Alfred, furiously.

"I wish it was. But she has two in fact, both of them clergymen: however, one seems the favorite; at least they are engaged to be married; it is Mr. Hurd, the curate of the parish she lives in. By what I hear she is one of the religious ones: so perhaps that has brought the pair to an understanding."

At these words a cold sickness rushed all over Alfred, beginning at his heart. He stood white and stupefied a moment: then, in the anguish of his heart, broke out into a great and terrible cry: it was like a young lion wounded with a poisoned shaft.

Then he was silent, and stood stock-still, like petrified despair.

Mrs. Archbold was prepared for an outburst; but not of this kind. His anguish was so unlike a woman's that it staggered her. Her good and bad angels, to use an expressive though somewhat too poetical phrase, battled for her. She had an impulse to earn his gratitude for life, to let him out of the asylum ere Julia should be Mrs. Hurd, and even liberty come too late for true love. She looked again at the statue of grief by her side: and burst out crying in earnest.

This was unfortunate. Shallow pity exuding in salt-water leaves not enough behind to gush forth in good deeds.

She only tried to undo her own work in part; to comfort him a little with commonplaces: she told him in a soothing whisper there were other women in the world besides this inconstant girl, others who could love him as he deserved.

He made no answer to all she could say, but just waved his hand once impatiently. Petty consolation seemed to sting him.

Then she began to feel impatient, angry. "How he clings to that fickle girl!" she said. "I might as well make love to a stone."

Then they stood both of them apart in sombre silence a while.

Her mood changed; she moved noiselessly toward him, and, standing half behind him, laid her hand softly on his shoulder, and poured hot passion in his ear. "Alfred," she murmured, "we are both unhappy; let us comfort one another. I had pity on you at Silverton House, I pity you now: pity *me* a little in turn; take me out of this dreadful house, out of this revolting life, and let me be with you. Let me be your housekeeper, your servant, your slave. This news that has shocked you so has torn the veil from my eyes; I thought I had cooled my love down to friendship and tender esteem; but no, now I see you as unhappy as myself, now I can speak and wrong no one, I own I—oh Alfred my heart burns for you, bleeds for you, yearns for you, sickens for you, dies for you."

"Oh, hush! hush! Mrs. Archbold. You are saying things you will blush for the next moment."

"I blush now, but can not hush; I have gone too far. And your happiness as well as mine is at stake. No young girl can understand or value such a man as you are: but I, like you, have suffered; I, like you, am constant; I, like you, am warm and tender; at my age a woman's love is bliss to him who can gain it; and I love you with all my soul, Alfred; I worship the ground you walk on, my sweet, sweet boy. Say you the word, dearest, and I will bribe the servants, and get the keys, and sacrifice my profession forever to give you liberty (see how sweet the open face of nature is, sweeter than any thing on earth, but love!); and all I ask is a little, little of your heart in return. Give me a chance to make you mine forever; and, if I fail, treat me as I shall deserve; desert me at once; and then I'll never reproach you; I'll only die for you; as I have lived for you ever since I first saw your heavenly face."

The passionate woman paused at last, but her hot cheek and heaving bosom and tender convulsive hand prolonged the pleading.

I am afraid few men of her own age would have resisted her, for voice and speech and all were burning, melting, and winning: and then, so reasonable, lads; she did not stipulate for constancy.

But Alfred turned round to her blushing and sorrowful: "For shame!" he said; "this is not love: you abuse that sacred word. Indeed, if you had ever really loved, you would have pitied me and Julia long ago, and respected our love; and saved us by giving me my freedom long ago. I am not a fool: do you think I don't know that you are my jailer, and the cunningest and most remorseless of them all?"

"You ungrateful wretch," she sobbed.

"No; I am not ungrateful either," said he, more gently. "You have always come between me and that kind of torture which most terrifies vulgar souls; and I thank you for it. Only, if you had also pitied the deeper anguish of my heart, I should thank you more still. As it is, I forgive you for the share you have had in blasting my happiness for life; and nobody shall ever know what you have been mad enough in an unguarded moment to say; and for pity's sake talk no more of love to mock my misery."

Mrs. Archbold was white with ire long before he had done this sentence: "You insolent creature," said she; "you spurn my love; you shall feel my hate."

"So I conclude," said he, coldly: "such love as yours is hard by hate."

"It is," said she: "and I know how I'll combine the two. To-day I loved you, and you spurned me; ere long you shall love me, and I'll despise you; and not spurn you."

"I don't understand you," said Alfred, feeling rather uneasy.

"What," said she; "don't you see how the superior mind can fascinate the inferior? Look at Frank Beverley; how he follows you about and fawns on you, like a little dog."

"I prefer his sort of affection to yours."

"A gentleman and a man would have kept that to himself; but you are neither one nor the other; or you would have taken my offer, and then run away from me the next day, you fool. A man betrays a woman; he doesn't insult her. Ah, you admire Frank's affection; well, you shall imitate it. You couldn't love me like a man; you shall love me like a dog."

"How will you manage that, pray?" he inquired, with a sneer.

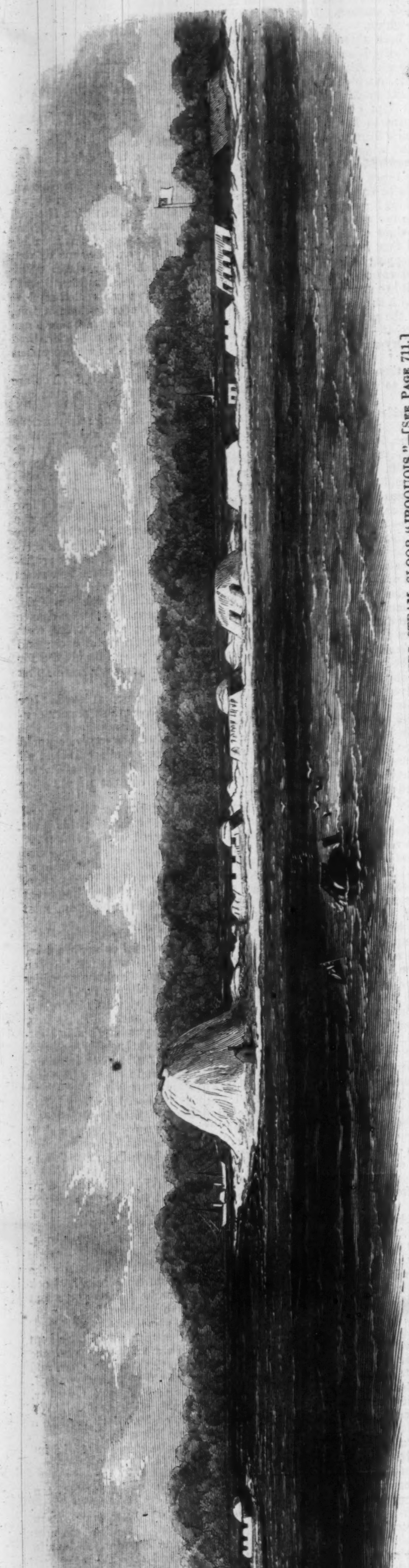
"I'll drive you mad."

She hissed this fiendish threat out between her white teeth.

"Ay, Sir," she said, "hitherto your reason has only encountered men. You shall see now what an insulted woman can do. A lunatic you shall be ere long, and then I'll make you love me, dote on me, follow me about for a smile: and then I'll leave off hating you, and love you once more, but not the way I did five minutes ago."

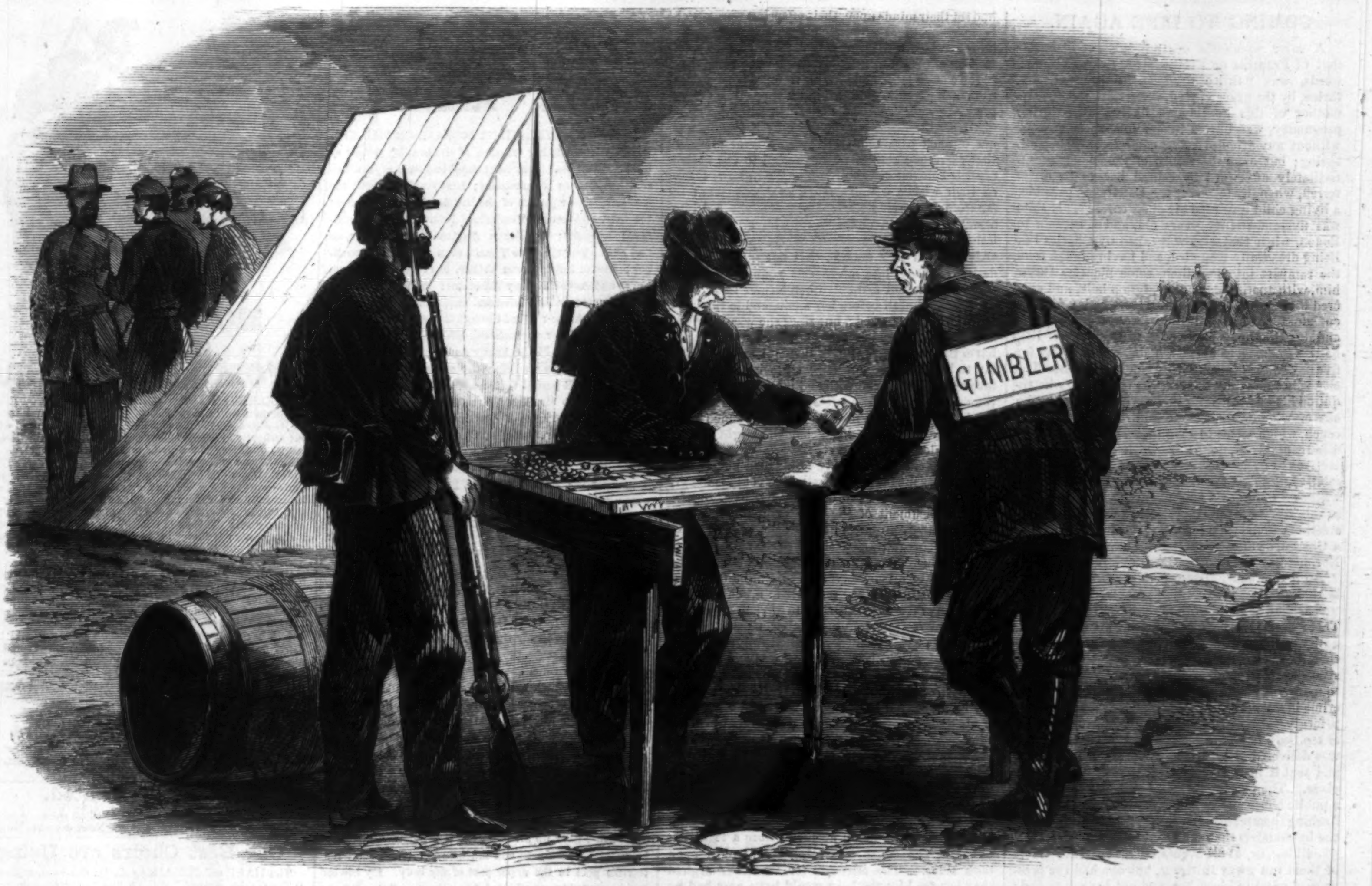
At this depraved threat Alfred ground his teeth, and said: "Then I give you my honor that the moment I see my reason the least shaken, I'll kill *you*: and so save myself from the degradation of being your lover on any terms."

"Threaten your own sex with that," said the Archbold, contemptuously; "you may kill me whenever you like; and the sooner the better. Only, if you don't do it very quickly, you shall be my property; my brain-sick, love-sick slave."



REBEL BATTERIES AT NEW INLET, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, AS SEEN FROM THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP "IROQUOIS."—[See Page 711.]

WORKS THROWN UP NEAR THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 711.]



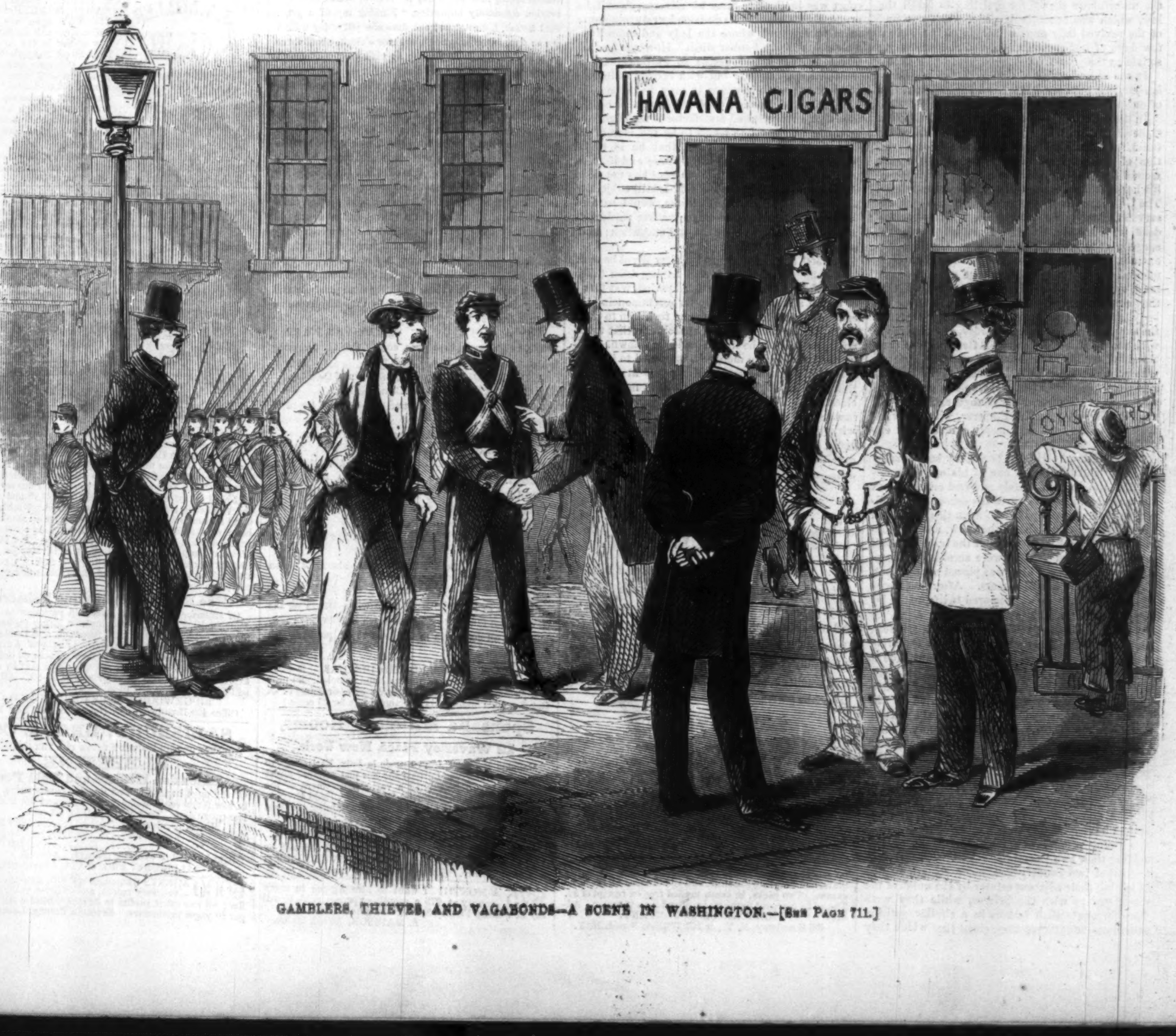
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GAMBLERS AT THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

GAMBLERS IN THE ARMY.

How General Patrick deals with gambling we discover from the picture above.

Mr. Waud writes: "Some inveterate players, belonging to the Ninety-third New York, were provided with a table, dice, and a tin cup for a dice-box, and, under charge of a guard, were kept at their favorite amusement all day, playing for beans, with boards slung on their shoulders with the word GAMBLER written on them. They did not seem to enjoy it, an attempt to make the most of their time and play for greenbacks being nipped in the bud. Dinner was also denied them, on the plea that gamblers have no time for meals. Much harm, no doubt, results from gambling; but it is useless to punish the men while it is so prevalent a vice with the officers."

Gambling has always been more or less prevalent in armies.



GAMBLERS, THIEVES, AND VAGABONDS—A SCENE IN WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

COMING TO LIFE AGAIN.

A MOST wonderful death-in-life experience is that of François de Civille, who, to use his own words, was "thrice dead, thrice interred, and thrice, by the grace of God, restored to life." The mother of this gentleman, having died during pregnancy, was buried in her husband's absence without any attempt being made to save her offspring; but upon the return of the good man immediately afterward he caused her to be disinterred, when, by means of the Cæsarean operation, a living child rewarded his pious care. This child was five-and-twenty years old, and a captain in Rouen, when that city was taken by Charles IX. Being dreadfully wounded, and having fallen from the rampart into the ditch, some pioneers threw him, with another dead body, into a hole, and covered him with a little earth. Here he lay for seven hours, until his faithful servant came at dusk and dug him up, when, finding some signs of life, he was removed to his own home, where he lay for five days and nights insensible and speechless. The city being taken by assault, the besiegers, who required his apartment for their own uses, threw him out of window upon a dunghill; and from this couch, which seems to have possessed none of those disadvantageous qualities which modern science ascribes to it, he was rescued after a few days by a relative, who removed him to a place of safety, where he obtained a perfect cure. Extraordinary as this story appears, it seems to have at least considerable foundation; nor was François de Civille a Gascon, as may be supposed, but a gentleman of Normandy.

An undoubtedly true experience of resuscitation is that of Margaret Dixon, of Musselburgh, who was hanged at Edinburgh for child-murder in 1728. There seems to be great doubt as to her being guilty of the offense of which she was charged, and therefore her narrow escape is as satisfactory as strange. At the place of execution, while owning to many sins, she avowed her total innocence of the crime in question, and her husband—who had much to forgive—implicitly believed that statement. After the body had been suspended the usual time it was delivered to her friends, who put it in a coffin, and sent it in a cart to be interred in her native place. The persons in charge stopped to drink at a public house on the way, and while they were refreshing themselves Mrs. Dixon gave indications to the by-standers that she should like to take a little something, or, at all events, to get out also. Most of them ran away in terror, but one had the presence of mind to bleed her, and got her put to bed; and by the following morning she was well enough to walk to her destination. By the Scottish law, it seems, that a person upon whom judgment has once been executed can not suffer a second time, while the marriage of the party supposed to have been executed is held to be dissolved. All that the King's Advocate could do, therefore, was to file a bill in the High Court of Justiciary against the unfortunate sheriff for omitting to fulfill the law, which was accordingly done. The husband of the revived lady married her publicly within a few days of her resuscitation, and she was living so late as the year 1753.

In the second series of Captain Gronow's *Recollections*, just published, there is a curious narrative of escape from premature interment.

In the retreat of the French army he tells us that General Ornano, a Corsican, second husband of the beautiful Countess Walewska, and a distant relation of the Bonaparte family, received a severe wound from the bursting of a shell, which killed his horse and several soldiers who were near him. The General's aid-de-camp, on looking round, observed Ornano lying on his back, to all appearance dead, with the blood flowing from his mouth. A surgeon soon arrived, and declared that life was extinct. The aid-de-camp and a few soldiers commenced digging a grave; but the ground was so hard, owing to the terrible cold that prevailed, that they could not make it deep enough to cover the body, and being pressed for time, they arranged the supposed corpse in decent order, and covered it with snow instead of earth. After this was done the aid-de-camp reported to the Emperor Napoleon, who was not far off, the loss that the army had sustained in General Ornano, who was only twenty-six years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the army. The Emperor, who was very fond of the General, was deeply grieved, and exclaimed:

"Poor fellow! He was one of my best cavalry officers!" and turning to one of his orderlies, desired him to go immediately and find out all about the wound which had caused his death. The officer, in order to satisfy himself upon this point, had the dead man taken out of the snow, and on looking at the wound, observed that the body was still warm. Furs and flannels were accordingly heaped upon the corpse, which was placed upon a shutter and taken to head-quarters. After much care and perseverance, he was restored to life, to the joy of the Emperor and the whole army.

"General Ornano," concludes Captain Gronow, "is now (1863) a Marshal of France and Governor of the Invalides, and related the above anecdote to one of my friends last summer."

The most striking of all known cases of premature interment, however, is that related in the *Causes Célèbres*, and which has formed the text of many a tale, and the trellis work of many a moving ballad. Shelley, for instance, has embalmed it in his *Ginevra*, and Leigh Hunt in his beautiful *Legend of Florence*.

Two tradesmen of the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, being old friends, and possessing one a son and the other a daughter, had early determined, as their betters have often done, upon the marriage of these two young people. They looked forward to thus uniting their two "establishments" with the same pride that two country gentlemen sometimes feel in joining their adjacent estates by the union of the young squire with the heiress, while they were more fortunate than fathers in a similar position sometimes find themselves, since that which they had set their minds upon, their offspring were equally anxious to accomplish also. Not very long, however, before the time actually fixed for the celebration of these nuptials, a rich banker took a fancy to the young lady, and having won golden opinions from her parents, obtained her hand, all previous promises and contracts notwithstanding. They discovered that uniting the two establishments was not of such paramount importance after all, and that carriage-exercise was essential to the health of their beloved daughter. The dutiful girl obeyed their wishes without much opposition; but so far from improving her constitution, she fell into a state of morbid melancholy, which resulted in lethargy and apparent death; whereupon the banker buried her in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Now, like a virtuous young woman as she was, she had forbidden her former lover ever to present himself before her again, and to this prohibition he had bowed; but since she was interred, and given up by her husband, he thought it no harm to bribe the sexton of the vault in which she lay to let him have one farewell look at her loved face before its beauty withered into dust; and this the more—it must be confessed—since once already she had fallen into a prolonged trance, which gave him a scintillation of hope that she might not be actually deceased even yet.

Having carried the body to his own house, and using every means of restoration he could think of, he really did succeed in bringing her back to life. The astonishment of the lady upon resuscitation was of course extreme, but we do not hear so much about her sorrow; and yielding to the many plausible arguments he urged in favor of his suit, she consented to accompany him to England, where they married, and lived together in much content. After several years, desiring to revisit his native land, and feeling convinced that nobody would suspect his wife's identity, the husband returned to Paris, and within a very few days the happy pair came suddenly upon the bereaved banker in the public street. If the young woman had been alone, she might perhaps have pretended to be a spirit, or hit upon some other ingenious expedient to hoodwink the widower, but seeing her arm-in-arm with her former lover, the coincidence was a little too striking to be explained away.

The banker, who does not seem to have set any extraordinary value on her while she was his own, was transported with the desire of repossessing her, and laid his claim at once before a legal tribunal. The cause was argued at length upon both sides. The advocate for the lover argued that but for him the lady would have now had no existence, would have been dead, and neither the wife of the banker nor of any body else; that her first husband had divested himself of all his rights in interring her; and even that he might think himself lucky in not being indicted for homicide for consigning her to a living tomb. But although the spirit of the law might be with husband No. 2, the letter was against him; and seeing that the court was inclined to favor his adversary's suit, he prudently anticipated its decision by returning once more to England, where the lady and himself remained until the banker died. How the law of Great Britain would decide so extraordinary a matter, I can not tell; but with respect to incomplete executions—however it may have been in Scotland at the period of Mrs. Dixon's case—the idea that a resuscitated malefactor is no longer answerable for his crime seems to be the merest assumption; the sentence runs, that he is to be hanged by the neck until he be *dead*; and if he be *not* dead, it is clear that the sentence has not been carried out, and that the offender is still subject to the forfeit. The crown, of course, would be able to remit the penalty, but only by a free pardon, as it might have done before the first execution; and, indeed, there is a case in point.

In 1350, a criminal, named Walter Wynkbourne, was hanged at Leicester, and having been taken down after the lapse of the usual period, was found to be yet alive. Some were for recommencing the execution, but the more humane took him to sanctuary, in the church of St. Sepulchre in that town, until the will of the king should be known. Edward III., the then monarch, happened to be with the religious in Leicester Monastery at the very time, and an application was at once made to his clemency. The king thereupon forgave the criminal in Latin, which, I hope, was translated to him without delay—*Deus tibi dedit vitam, et nos tibi dabimus castam* (God hath given thee life, and we will give thee pardon).

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CASE.

SING SING, Oct. 14, 1863.

DR. BRANDRETH:

MY DEAR SIR:—I was taken sick two years ago with a most severe pain in my right arm and elbow. Dr. A. K. Hoffman, of this place, pronounced it neuralgia. He treated me for some time, but getting no better, advised electricity; I consented, but the shock nearly killed me, and I received no benefit whatever. After this my legs became numb and paralyzed, and my back and kidneys were tormented with most intense and continued pain. Drs. A. K. Koffman and G. J. Fisher told me I had Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. They treated me for a long time, but finally pronounced my case hopeless. Other eminent physicians then treated me, but did me no good, and gave my friends to understand that my case was incurable. So at length I gave up all hope, the lower half of my body being totally paralyzed and much swollen; and I suffered terrible pain in the upper part of my body. My bowels were completely constipated from the paralysis, and no medicine produced a passage, and my urine was full of Albumen. This was my condition five months ago, when my wife's sister, Sally Ann Storms, begged me to take BRANDRETH'S PILLS, as she had used them herself and in her family many years with the best effect. Induced by her and my wife, I swallowed nine Brandreth's Pills. They operated twelve hours afterward slightly. I continued taking nine every day for several weeks, their operation constantly improving. Finding myself a great deal better, I diminished the dose one pill a day until I got to five. One afternoon, at three o'clock, about three months ago, I took five pills; at nine they commenced operating vigorously. Suddenly I felt as if something gave way inside, and the stools were like egg and water mixed, several gallons of which came away, of a most disagreeable odor. The next day I felt very faint, and my neighbors came to see me die; but as soon as the faintness passed, I was much better, and, for the first time in nearly two years, I was able to move, and stand upon my legs. I continued taking the pills, and, in a very few days, was able to walk across my room, and now am able to walk quite a distance. I have taken, altogether, nineteen boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and now, one pill a day is all I require. My health is nearly restored, my appetite is good, and I suffer hardly any pain anywhere, and every day I grow stronger. My neighbors look upon me as one risen almost from the dead, and I desire you to publish my case, that those suffering from paralysis and kidney diseases may know how easily they may be cured by Brandreth's Pills.

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DAVID M'CORD, Ex-Loan Commissioner.
J. MALCOLM SMITH, Justice, and Clerk of Board of Supervisors.
ABRAM HYATT, U. S. Assessor, Tenth District.
JAS. M'CORD, Loan Commissioner.
RACHEL CYPHER, LETITIA VAN VART,
RACHEL ANN SLATER, SARAH A. CYPHER,
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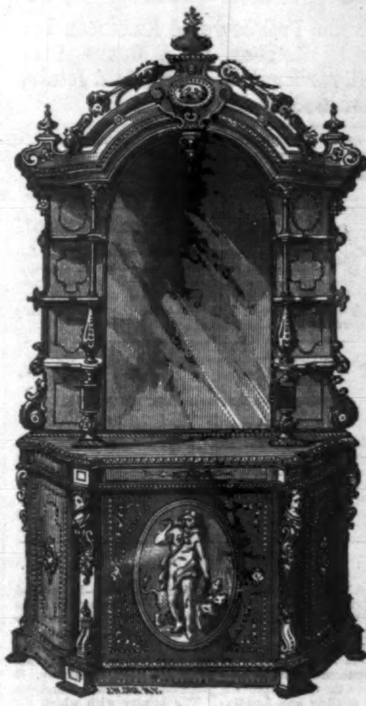

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